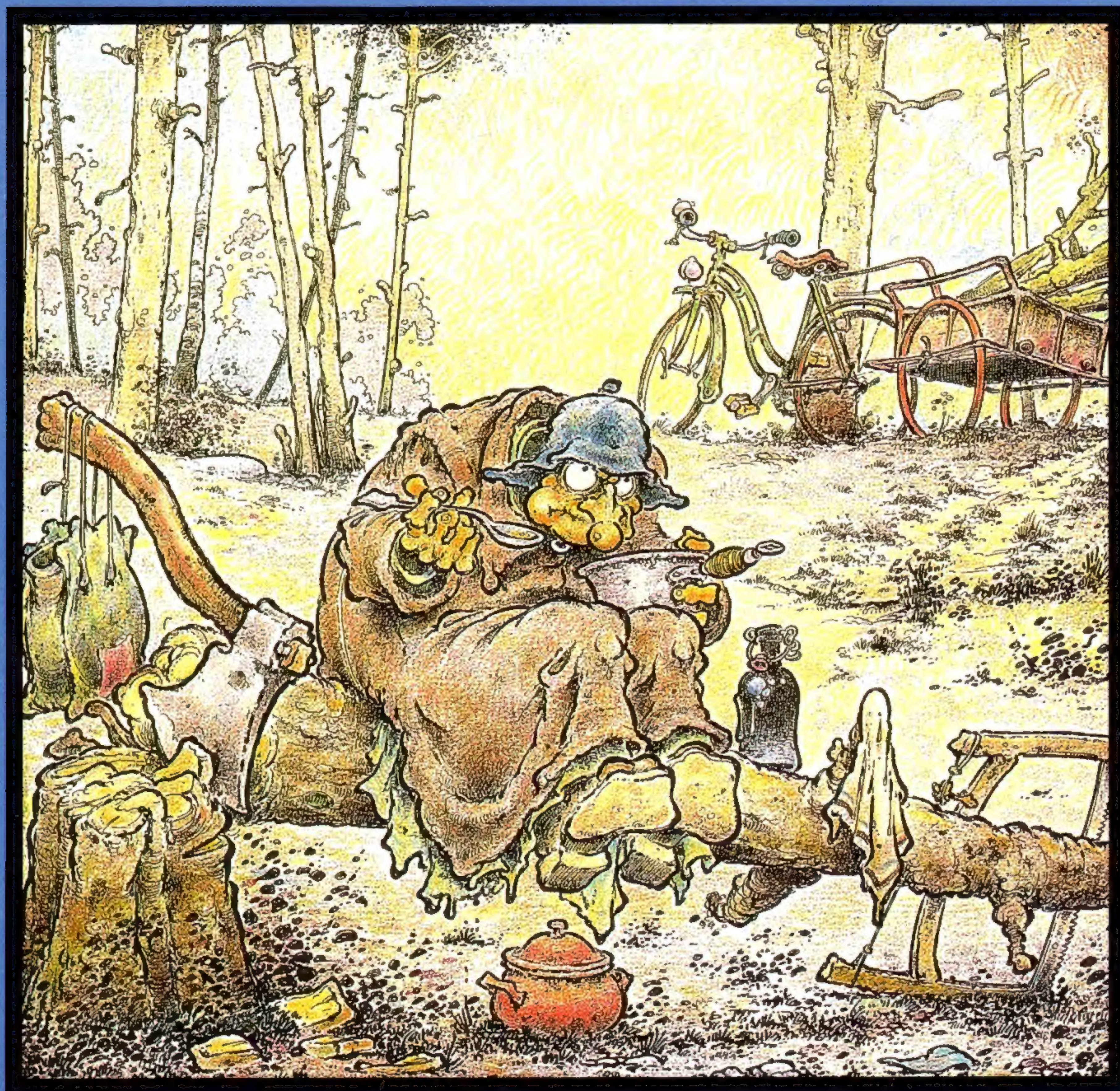


# FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

Sophisticated Humor For Those With Icy-Cool Taste!





Creator/Artist/Writer

LELONG

Editor/Translator

R.J.M. LOFFICIER

Title

PETER AVANZINO

Lettering

DIANE VALENTINO

Graphics

CYNTHIA MORRIS

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**APPEARANCES****NOVEMBER 27-29th**

DALLAS FANTASY FAIR

(Brad Foster)

**DENI LOUBERT**

Publisher

**JENNIFER GRASBERGER**

Assistant to the Publisher

**PETER AVANZINO**

Circulation

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**FRENCH ICE****FEATURING CARMEN CRU**

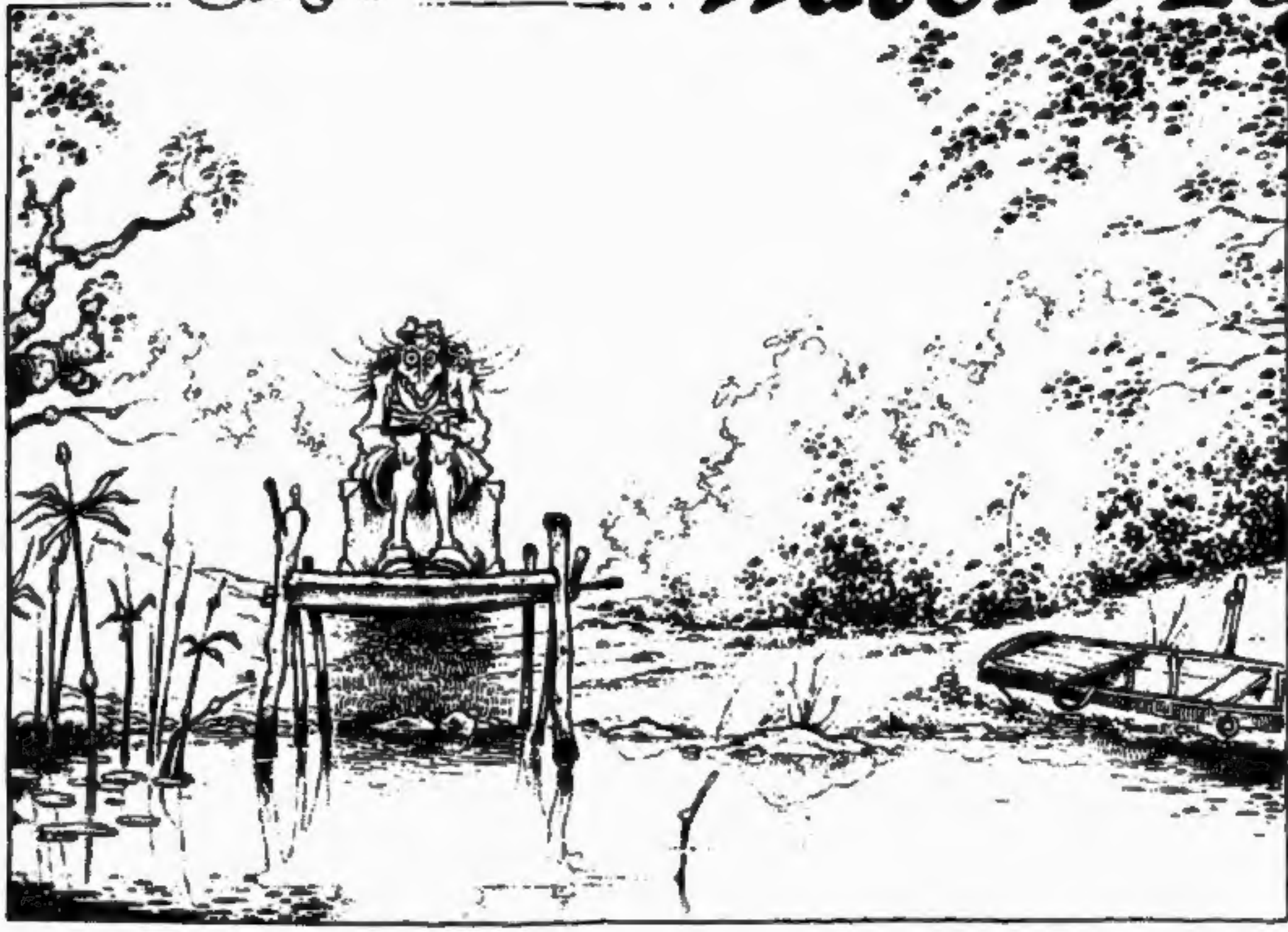
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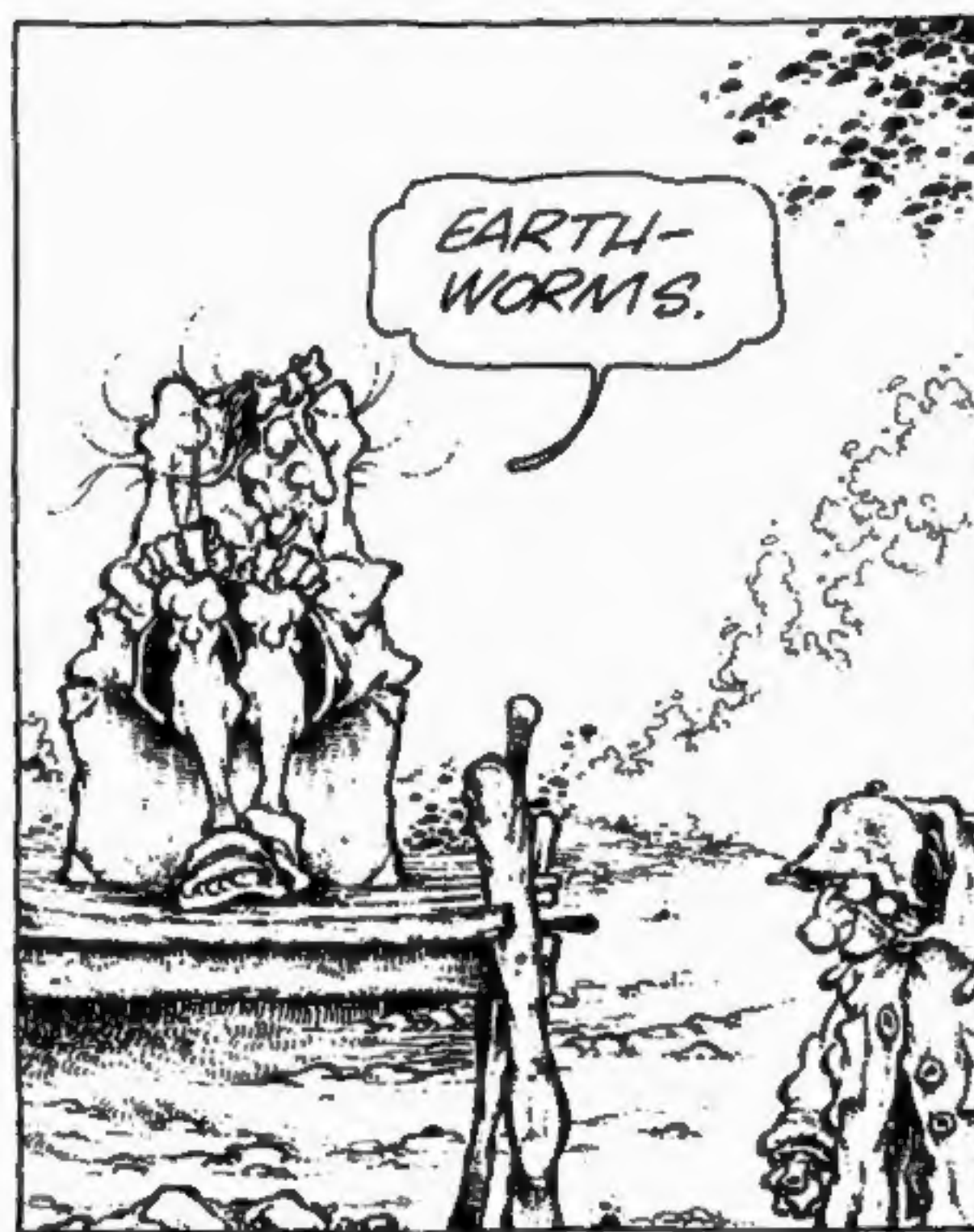


WARMEN  
CIRU

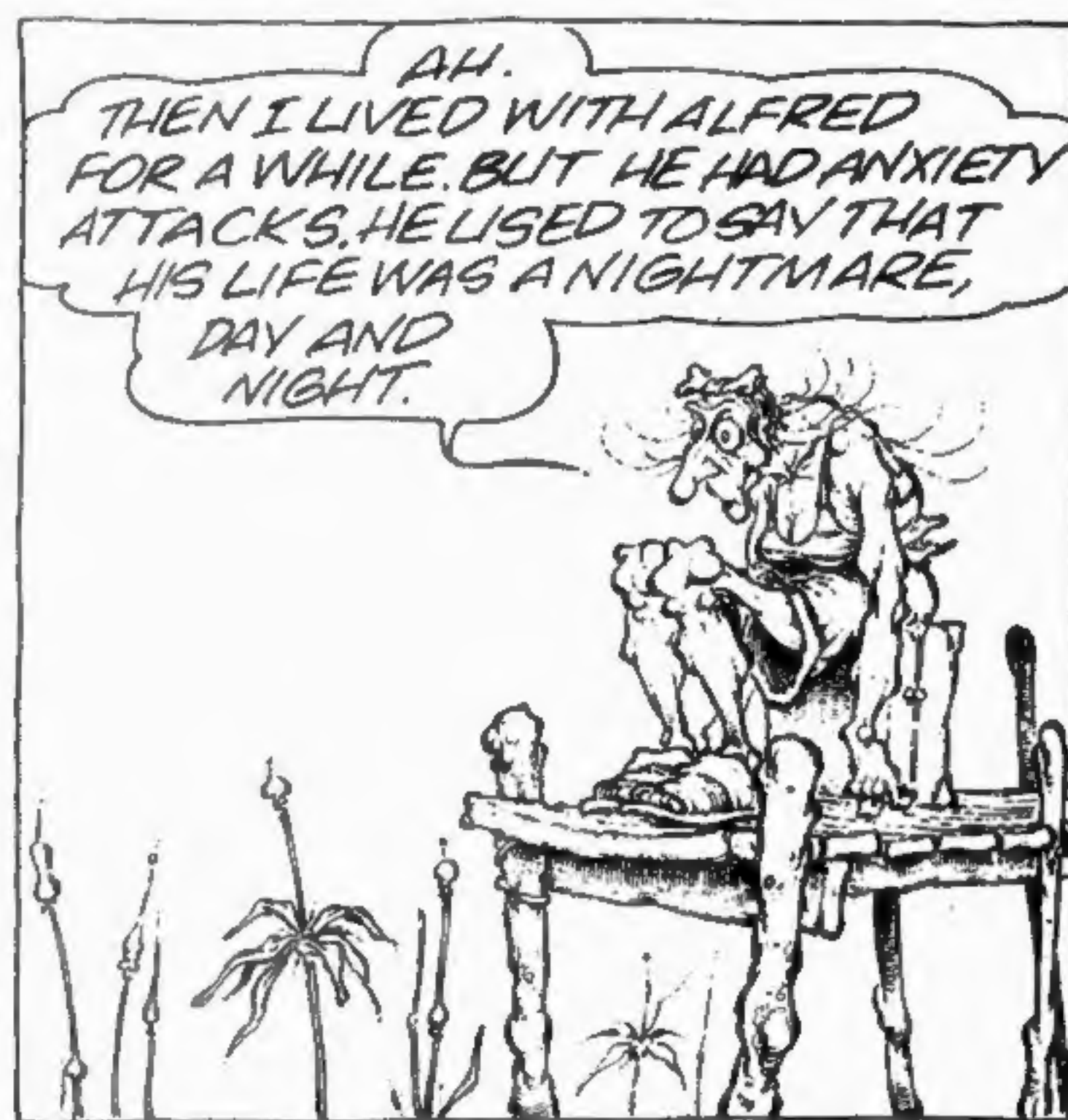
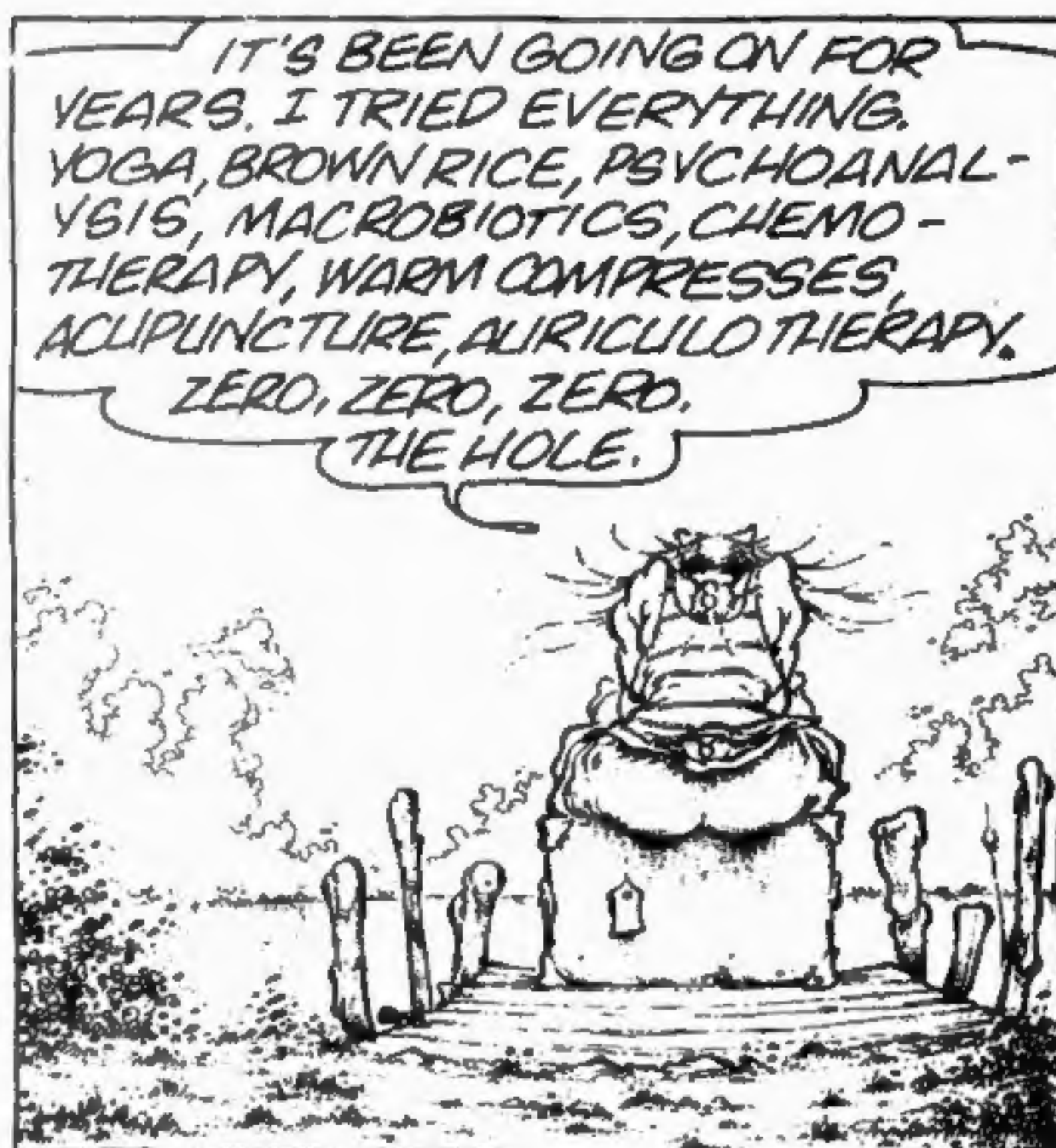
# Water's Edge.















I WAS GOING TO TIE THIS SUITCASE AROUND MY NECK SO I'D SINK FASTER, BUT IT'S FULL OF BOOKS, SO I'M AFRAID IT'S GONNA FLOAT AND I'LL LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE...



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T THINK. TRY IT, YOU'LL SEE.



THEY'RE ALL MY FAVORITE BOOKS. "LOVE STORY". I JUST LOVE THE ENDING DON'T YOU? I WANT TO TAKE THEM WITH ME. DEEP, DEEP INTO THE DARK WATERS...



THE DARK WATERS RIGHT THERE UNDER MY VERY FEET.



DON'T MIND ME. I'M JUST CUTTING SOME REEDS TO USE AS SUPPORTS FOR MY BEANSTALKS. THEY'RE THE RIGHT SIZE.



I ENVY YOU. YOU AND YOUR LITTLE HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS, I BET, WITH A LITTLE GARDEN COVERED WITH FLOWERS AND LITTLE BIRDS DANCING IN A PATCH OF SUNLIGHT AND LITTLE FURRY ANIMALS COME DRINK... WHO TO



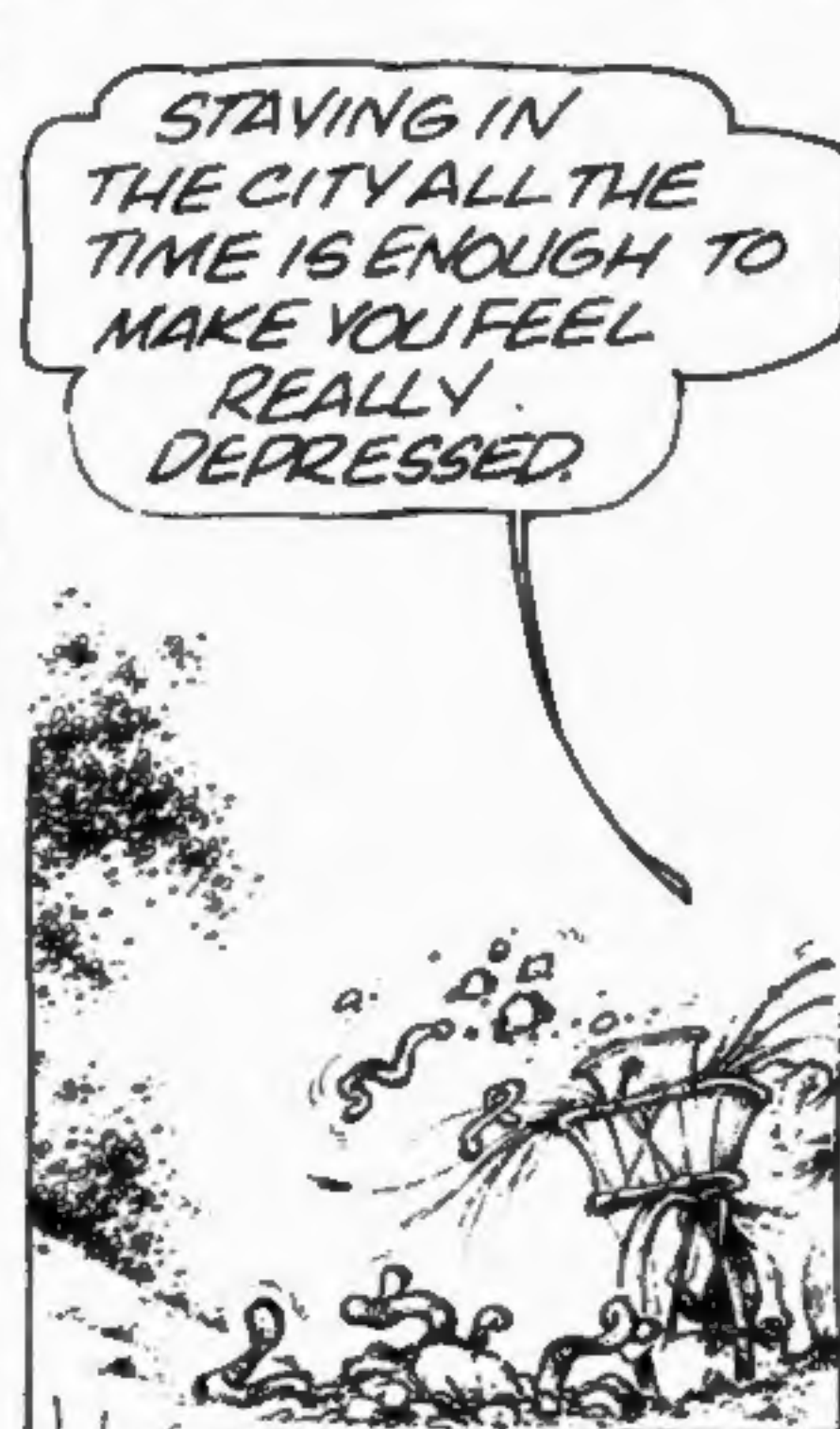
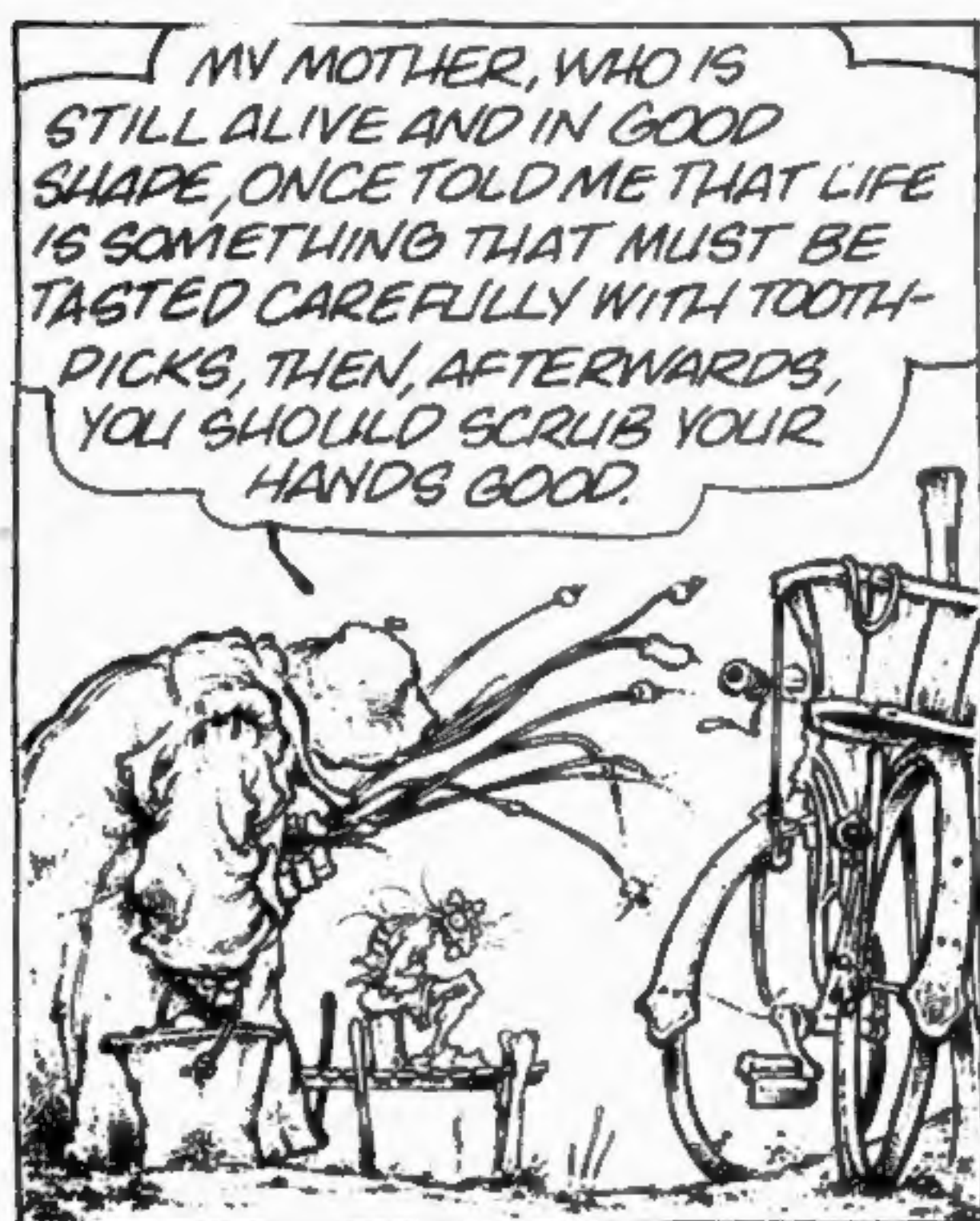
YOU'RE AT PEACE WITH NATURE, ONE WITH MOTHER EARTH AND THE COSMOS. AAH, HOW I ENVY YOU!



HEY, I'M NOT A SAVAGE. I'M CIVILIZED. I LIVE IN THE CITY LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE DO.



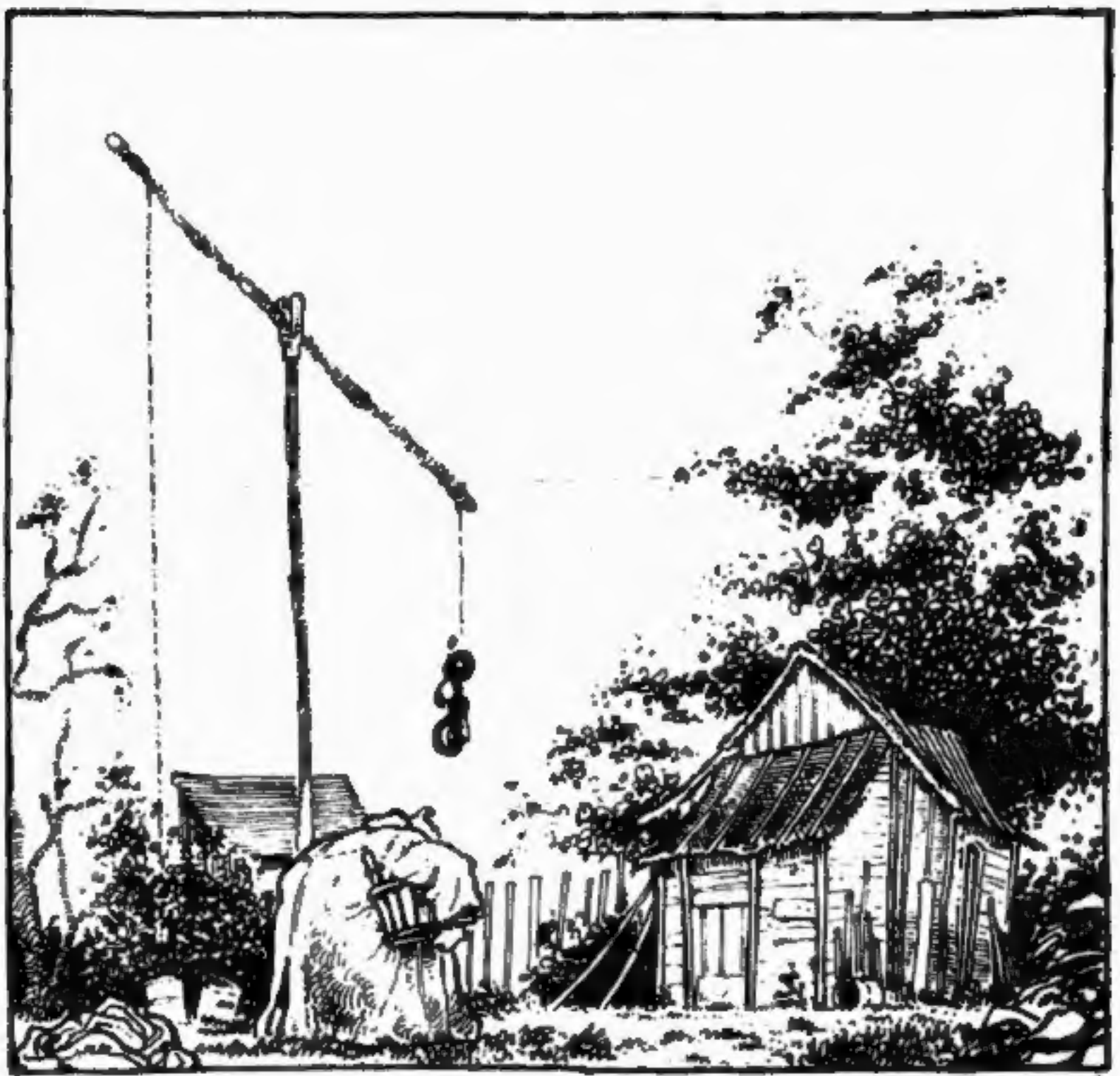








CARMEN CRU.  
The Picnic.



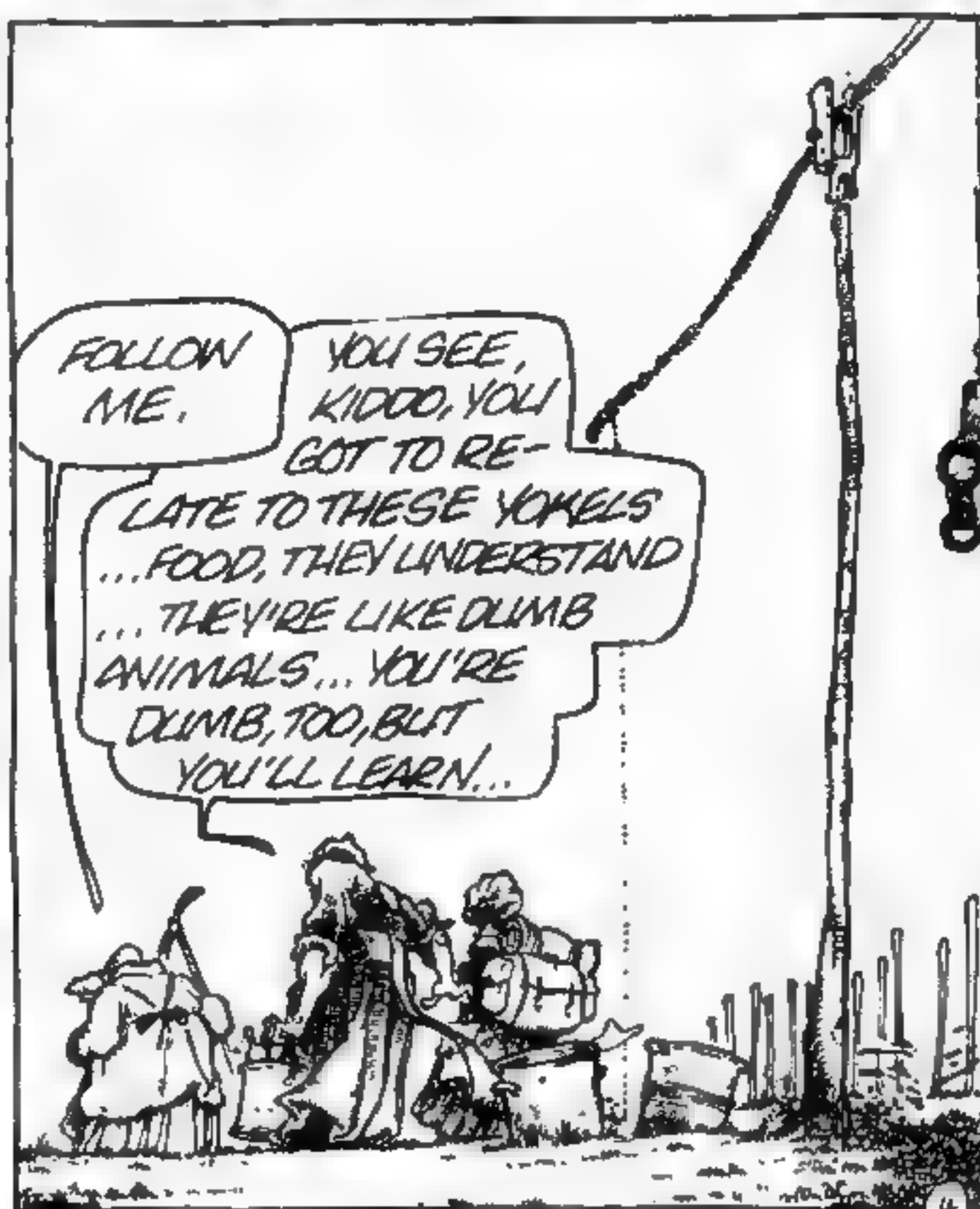
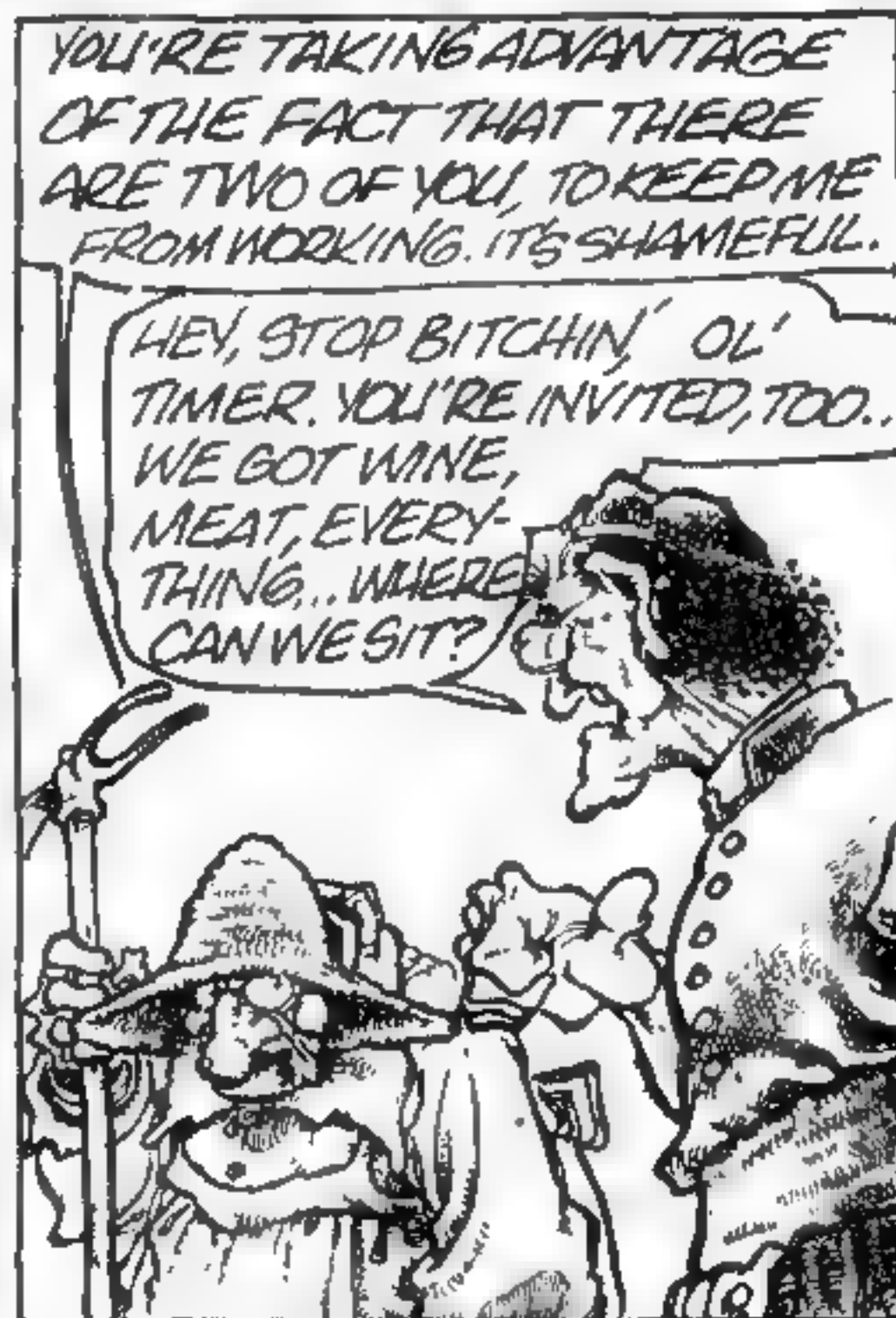
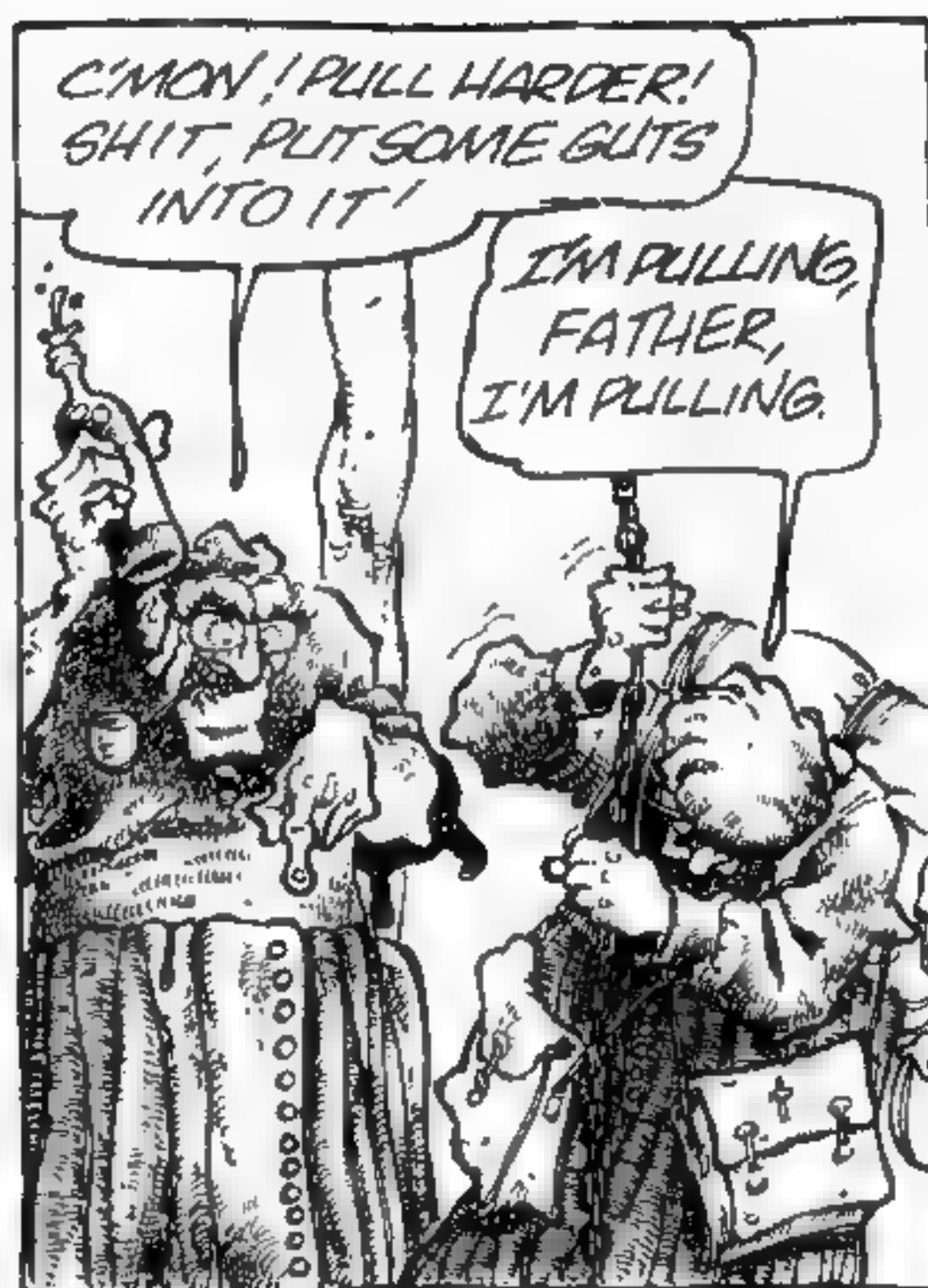
















YOU CAN STAY  
HERE. I DON'T  
HAVE TIME TO  
EAT. I'VE GOT  
WORK  
TO DO.

URGH!  
STINKS TO  
HIGH  
HEAVEN!



IT MUST BE THE COMPOST  
HEAP. IT'S A MIXTURE THAT  
CONSISTS OF DECAYED  
ORGANIC MATTER WHICH IS  
USED FOR FERTILIZING THE  
SOIL. IT'S GREAT FROM AN  
AGRICULTURAL STANDPOINT.  
FROM A HYGIENIC ONE,  
HOWEVER, I  
WONDER IF...



SHUT UP! WE DON'T  
CARE. IT'S PERFECT.  
THIS WAY, WE DON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY ABOUT LIT-  
TERING! GET THE STUFF  
OUT, WE'LL START.



BELARK! WHERE  
DID YOU GET THAT  
WINE, KIDDO? IT'S  
AWFUL!

IT'S LEFTOVER FROM  
MASS, FATHER. IT  
WAS STARTING TO  
GO BAD SO I  
THOUGHT...



SACRAMENTAL WINE? TO  
DRINK WITH MEAT? AIN'T  
YOU GOT ANY SENSE, KIDDO?  
DID YOU TAKE SOME  
BREAD, AT LEAST?

WELL, YES, I TOOK SOME  
HOSTS THAT WERE WAST-  
ING AWAY IN THE  
SACRISTY...



HOSTS? HOSTS? HOSTS?  
NO BREAD?

HOSTS.



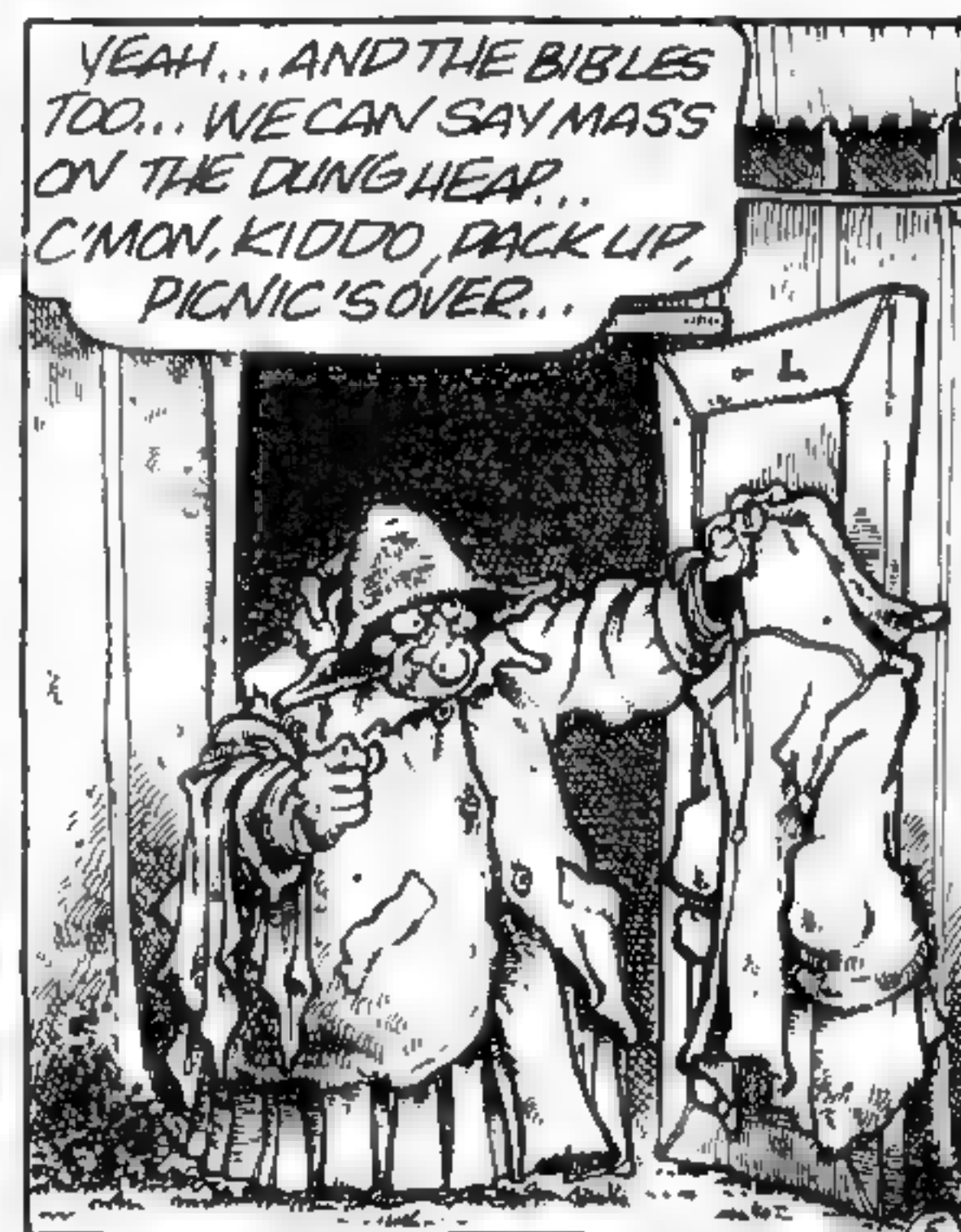
HOSTS. SIGH. SHIT.  
WHERE'S THE REST?

I SEEM TO HAVE  
GRABBED THE WRONG BAG,  
FATHER. THIS ONE CONTAINS ONLY  
BIBLES... NO MEAT... GOD  
FORGIVE ME...



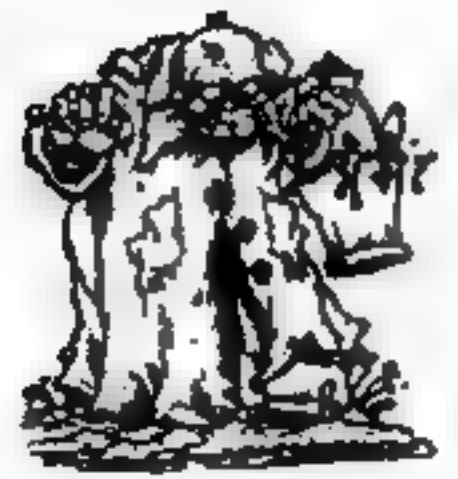
GOD DOESN'T  
FORGIVE ASS-  
HOLES, KIDDO.  
SHIT! WHAT  
ARE WE GOING  
TO DO NOW?

WELL, WE  
DO HAVE THE  
WINE AND THE  
HOSTS, FATHER.



YEAH... AND THE BIBLES  
TOO... WE CAN SAY MASS  
ON THE DUNG HEAP...  
C'MON, KIDDO, PACK UP,  
PICNIC'S OVER...





WHEN WE GET BACK, I WANT YOU TO SAY 50 OUR FATHERS AND 30 HAIL MARYS... ON YOUR KNEES... IN THE YARD... ON THE GRAVEL... WITH YOUR FROCK UP...

I DE-SERVE IT, FATHER.



HEY, OL' TIMER, WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND BEFORE WE LEAVE... IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO...

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP. YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH OF MY TIME ALREADY.



I INSIST... CHRISTIAN CHARITY... OUR SACRED DUTY...

IN THAT CASE, STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, AND DON'T MOVE. THAT'S ALL.



THAT'S ALL? STAY HERE? LIKE THIS? 'TIL WHEN?

'TIL I TELL YOU. AND STAY STILL.



O.K. BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT. SHIT! IT'S KIND OF TIRING AFTER A WHILE.

MY BAG'S HEAVY... THERE ARE ANTS CRAWLING UP MY CABSOCK.



SHIT! I'M FED UP!

WE PROMISED NOT TO MOVE, FATHER. WE SHOULD WAIT.



GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. CRU, I SEE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF YOUR PLOT. HOW ARE THE GREENS COMING ALONG?

YOU BOUGHT SOME SCARECROWS, TOO... WITH ALL THESE BIRDS THAT AIN'T A LUXURY. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, MRS. CRU.

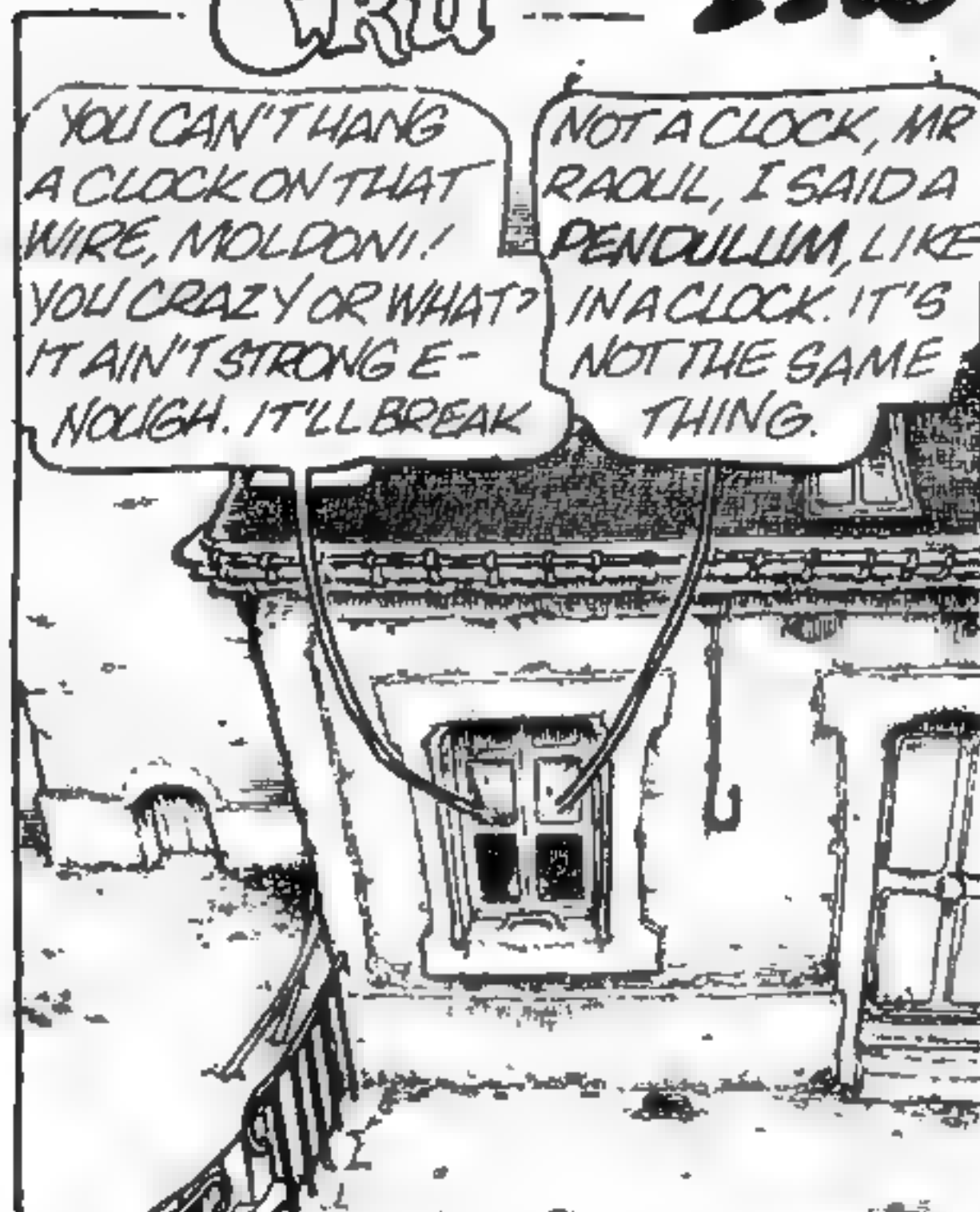


CAN WE SING?



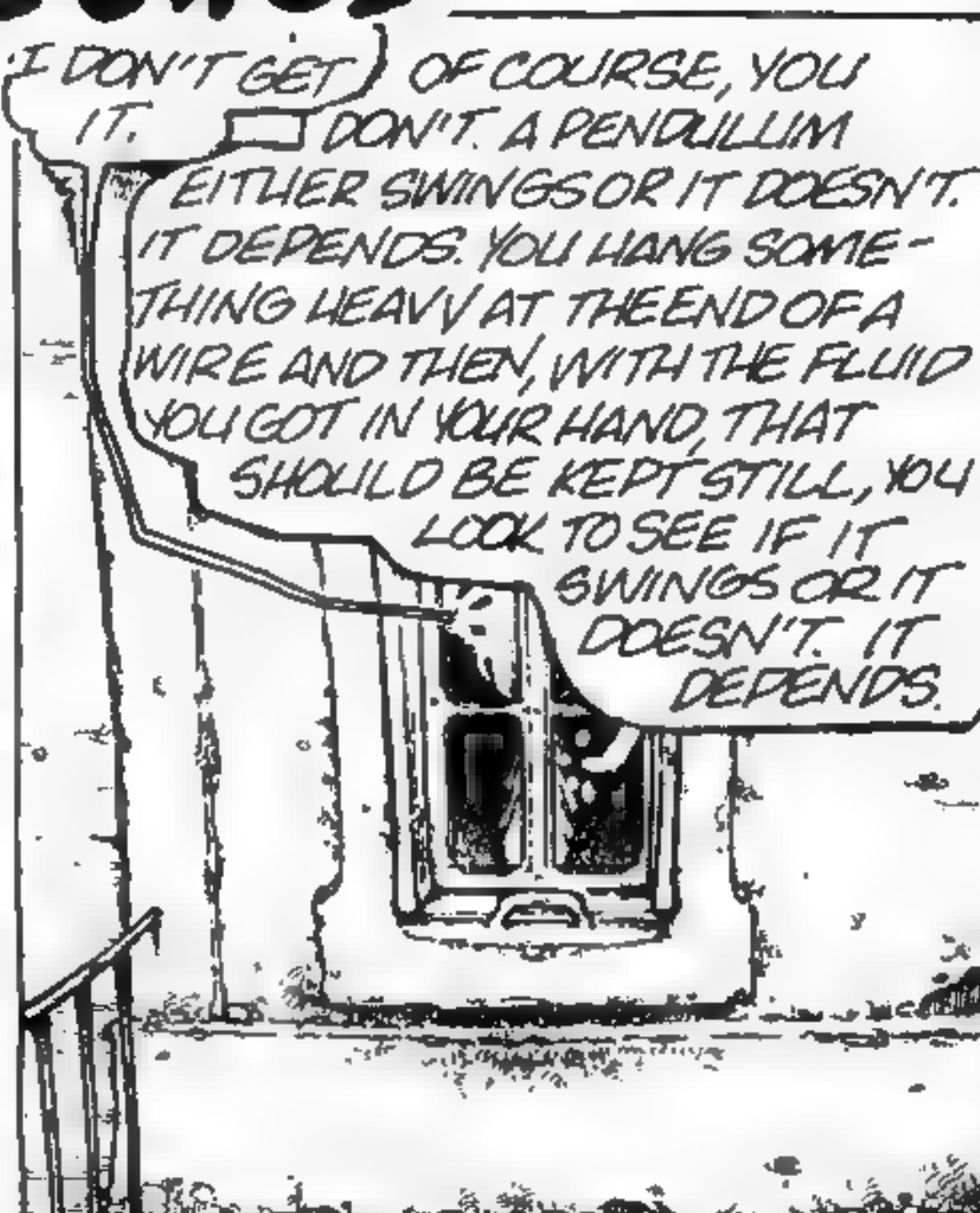


# CARMEN CRU The Power.



YOU CAN'T HANG A CLOCK ON THAT WIRE, MOLDONI! YOU CRAZY OR WHAT? IT AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH. IT'LL BREAK

NOT A CLOCK, MR RAUL, I SAID A PENDULLUM, LIKE IN A CLOCK. IT'S NOT THE SAME THING.



I DON'T GET IT. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T. A PENDULLUM EITHER SWINGS OR IT DOESN'T. IT DEPENDS. YOU HANG SOMETHING HEAVY AT THE END OF A WIRE AND THEN, WITH THE FLUID YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND, THAT SHOULD BE KEPT STILL, YOU LOOK TO SEE IF IT SWINGS OR IT DOESN'T. IT DEPENDS.



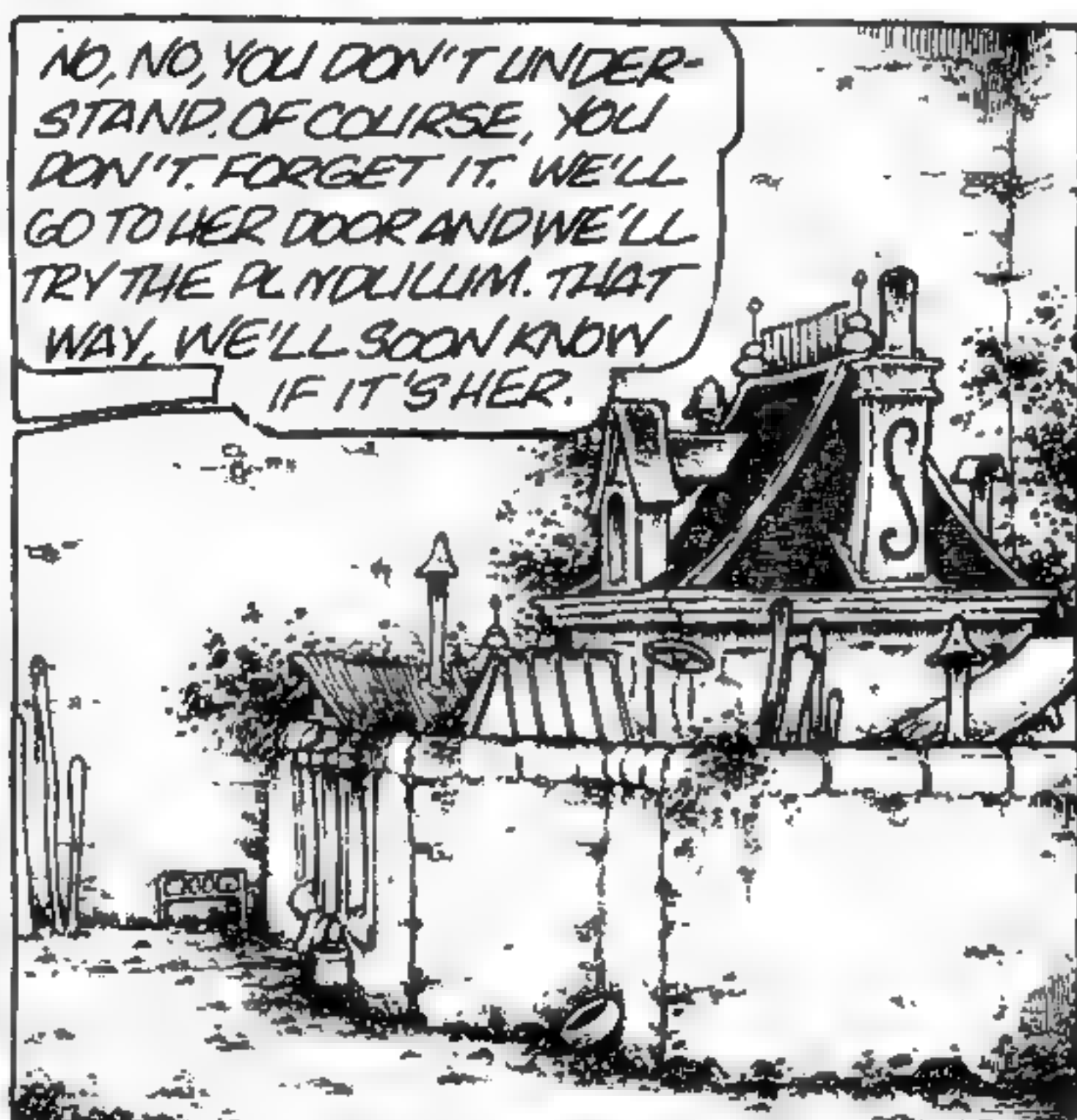
I GOT IT! IT'S LIKE A PLUMB LINE! I GOT ONE OF THOSE HERE, BUT I DUNNO IF I GOT THAT THING IN MY HAND THAT YOU JUST TALKED 'BOUT.



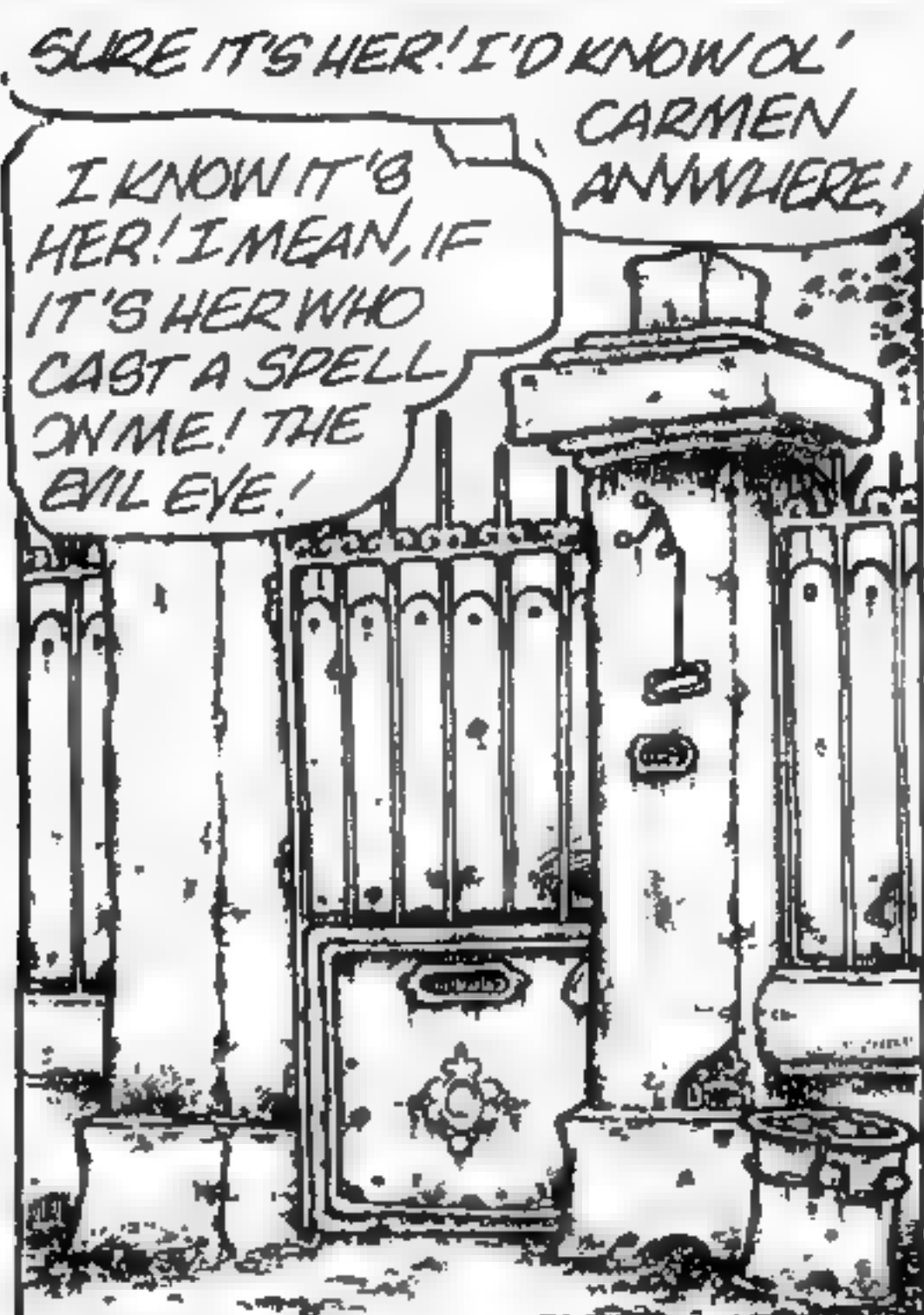
THE FLUID. IT'S LIKE ELECTRICITY. IT'S A POWER THAT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE INSIDE YOU TO GET THE PENDULLUM TO WORK. I'M FULL OF IT. A GYPSY TOLD ME.



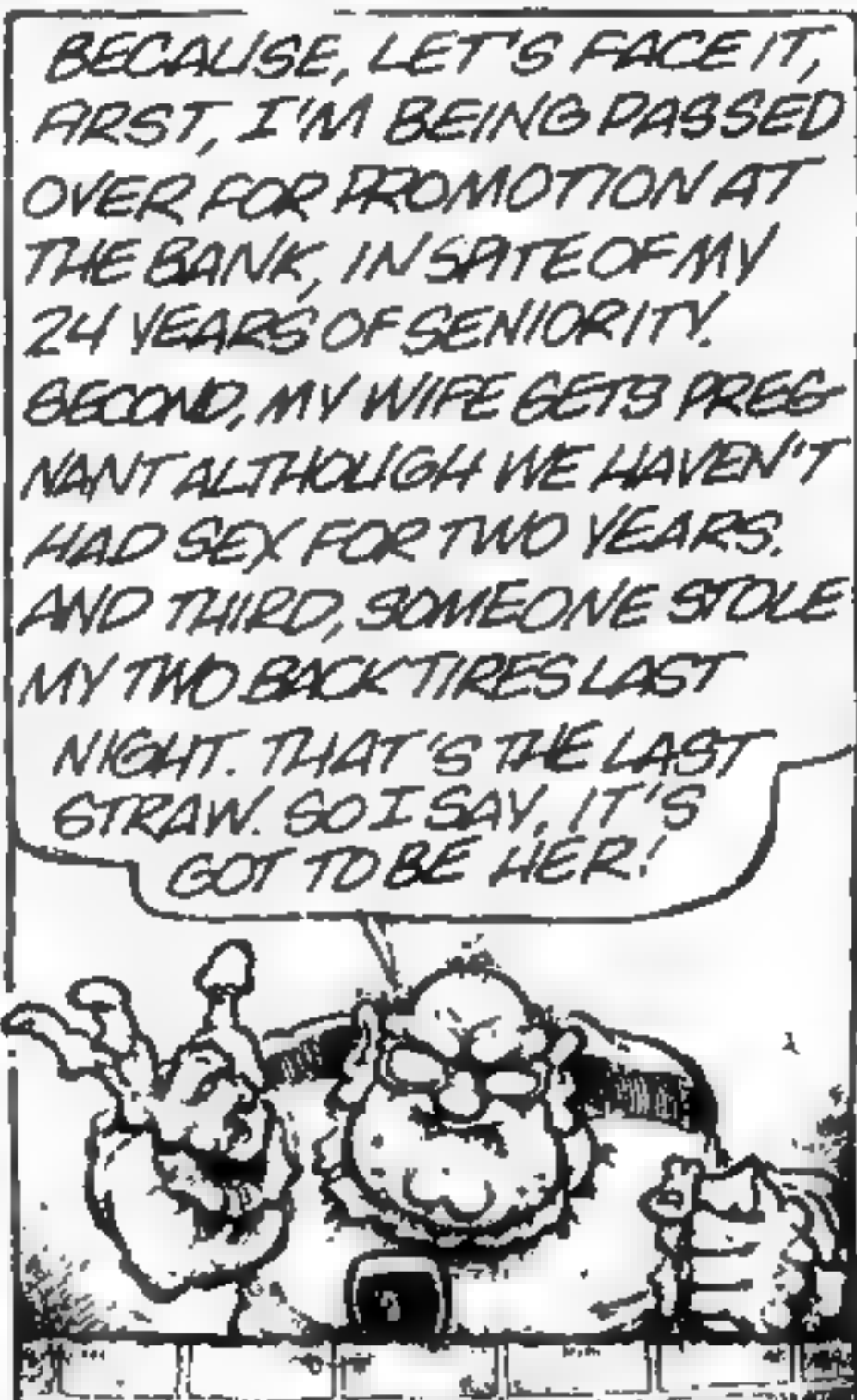
VERCH! IT'S DISGUSTIN! I WISH I'D KNOWN. I AIN'T SHAKIN' VER HANDS ANYMORE, OR ELSE YOU WASH 'EM FIRST.



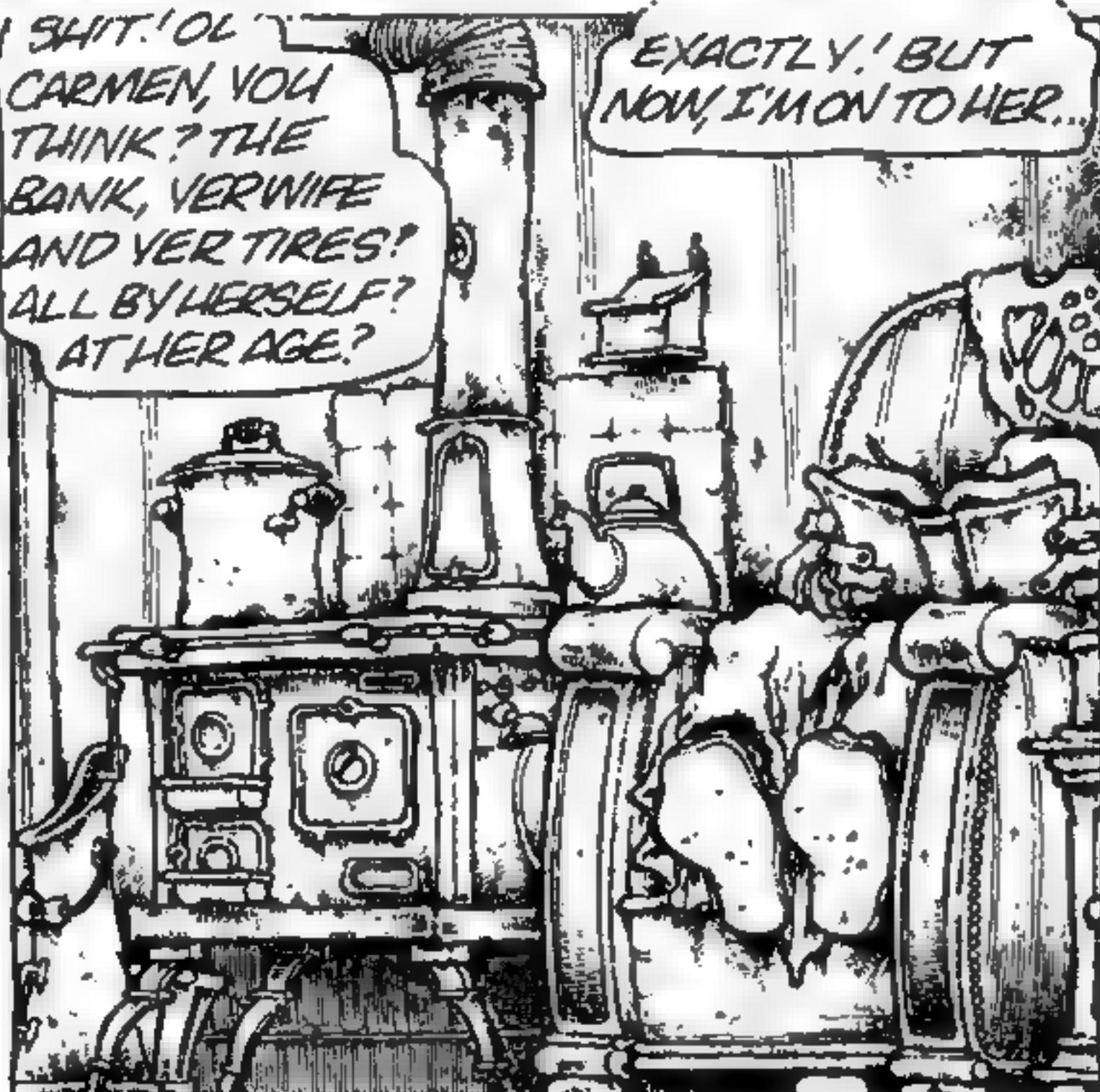
NO, NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T. FORGET IT. WE'LL GO TO HER DOOR AND WE'LL TRY THE PENDULLUM. THAT WAY, WE'LL SOON KNOW IF IT'S HER.



SURE IT'S HER! I'D KNOW OL' CARMEN ANYWHERE! I KNOW IT'S HER! I MEAN, IF IT'S HER WHO CAST A SPELL ON ME! THE EVIL EYE!



BECAUSE, LET'S FACE IT, FIRST, I'M BEING PASSED OVER FOR PROMOTION AT THE BANK, IN SPITE OF MY 24 YEARS OF SENIORITY. SECOND, MY WIFE GETS PREGNANT ALTHOUGH WE HAVEN'T HAD SEX FOR TWO YEARS. AND THIRD, SOMEONE STOLE MY TWO BACK TIRES LAST NIGHT. THAT'S THE LAST STRAW. SO I SAY, IT'S GOT TO BE HER!



SHIT! OL' CARMEN, YOU THINK? THE BANK, VER WIFE AND VER TIRES! ALL BY HERSELF? AT HER AGE?

EXACTLY! BUT NOW, I'M ON TO HER...





DID YOU NOTICE HER EVIL EYES? HER CROOKED GAIT? HER SINISTER LOOKS? THE WEIRD HOUSE WHERE SHE LIVES, AND WHERE NOBODY ELSE HAS EVER SET FOOT? I TELL YOU, SHE'S A WITCH! THAT'S WHAT SHE IS! A WITCH!



OL' CARMEN, A WITCH? YER HEAD AIN'T SCREWED ON RIGHT, MOLDONI! I KNOW SHE'S KINDA CRAZY WITH HER BIKE, BUT I DON'T PICTURE HER ON A BROOM...



SHHH! HERE WE ARE! GET OUT YOUR PENDULUM AND WE'LL SEE WHO'S RIGHT! I TOOK TWO MYSELF TO BE SURE.



DO LIKE I DO. KEEP YOUR HAND STILL. USE YOUR FLUID AND SEE IF IT SWINGS.

SHIT! MY PLUMB LINE'S GOTTEN ALL TANGLED.



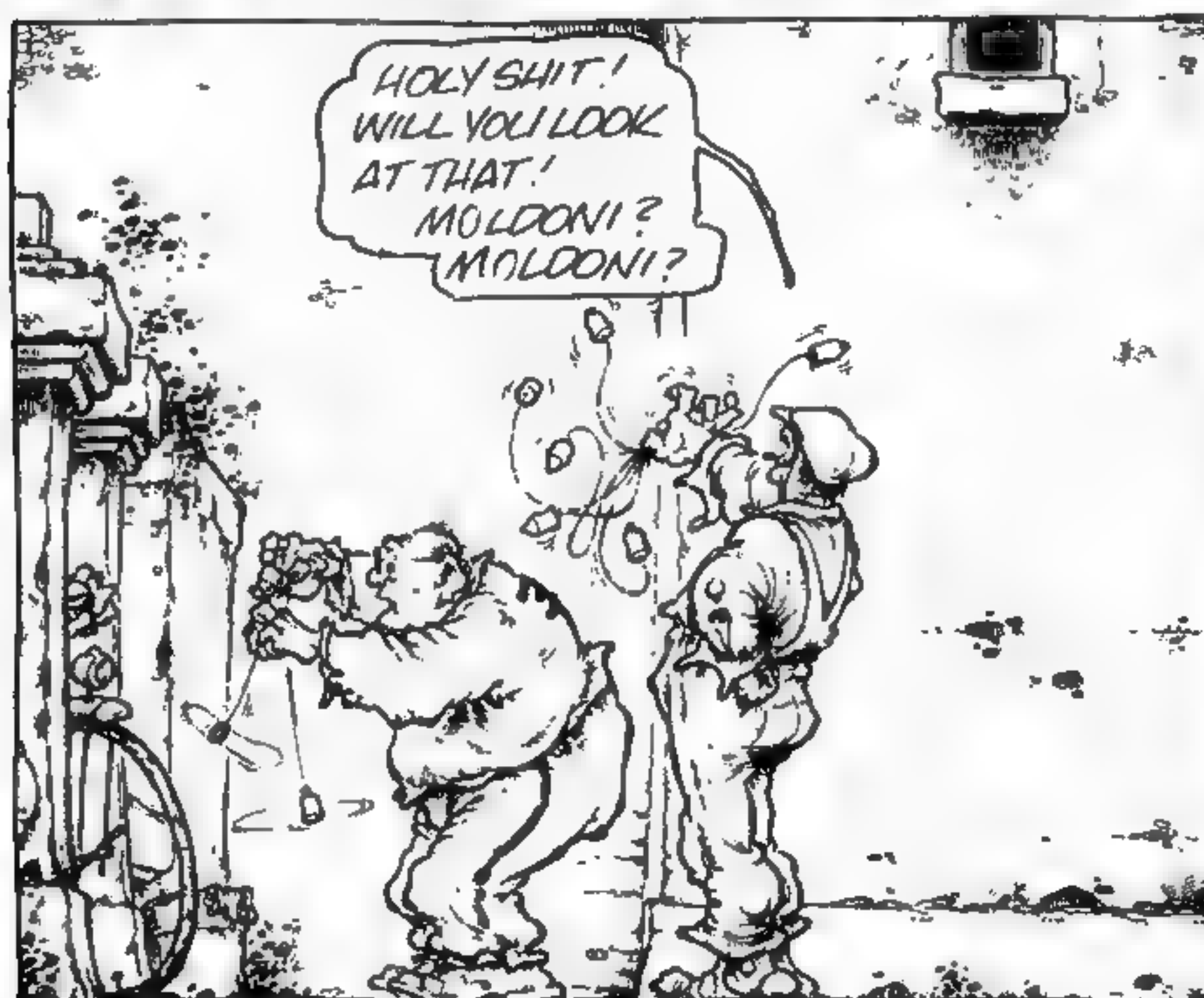
SHHH! SHE'LL HEAR YOU.

HOLY COW! WHO NEEDS YOUR FLUID, MOLDONI? WITH MY JITTERS, IT SWINGS LIKE HELL! HEY! WHO SAID DRINKIN' AIN'T GOOD FOR SUMTHIN'!



AHHH! IT SWINGS! IT SWINGS!

IT'S THE BREEZE, MOLDONI. BUT LOOK AT MINE! IT'S ALL OVER THE FRIGGIN' PLACE!

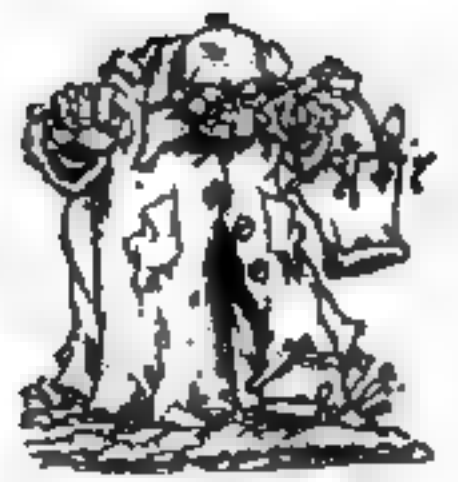


HOLY SHIT! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! MOLDONI? MOLDONI?

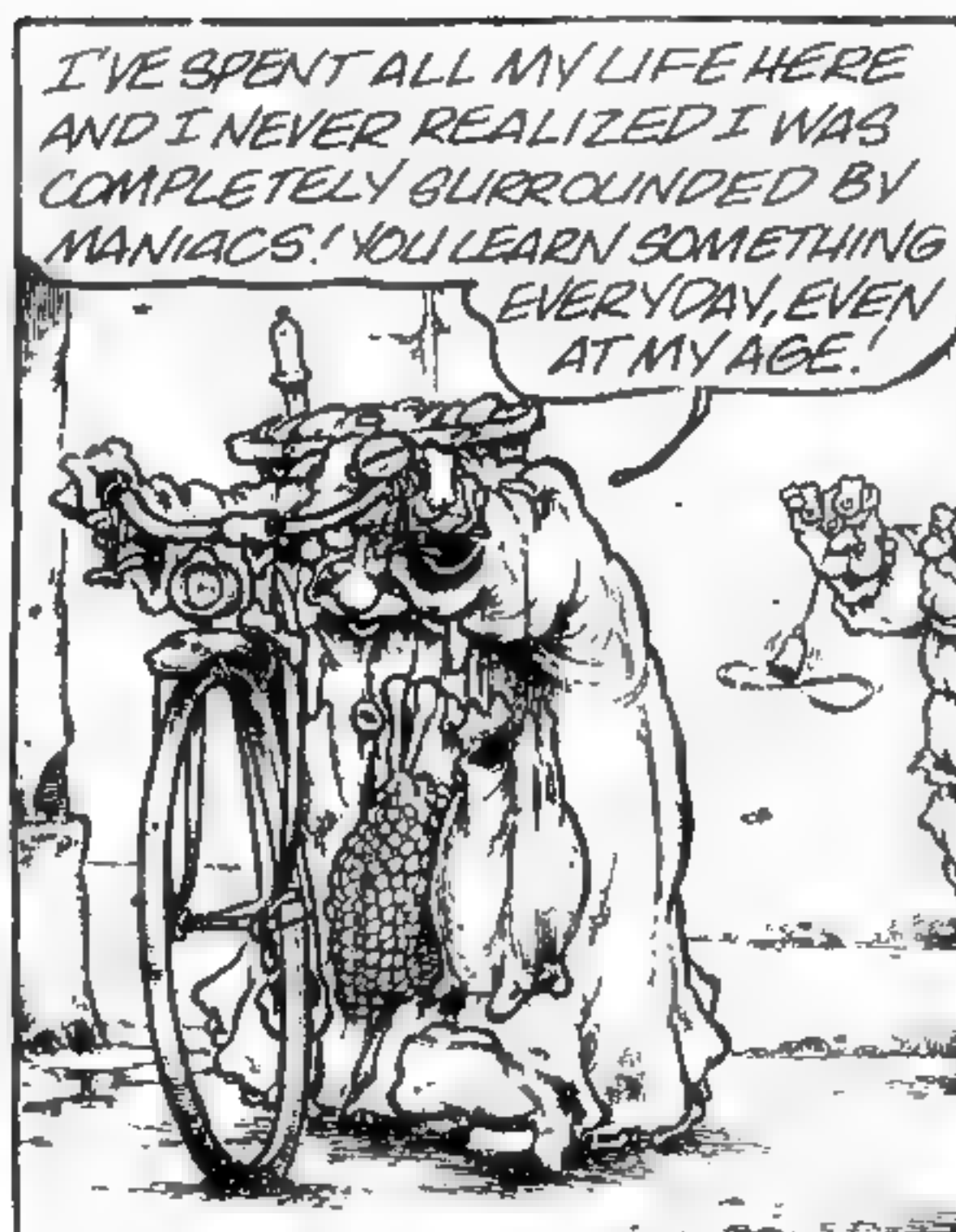
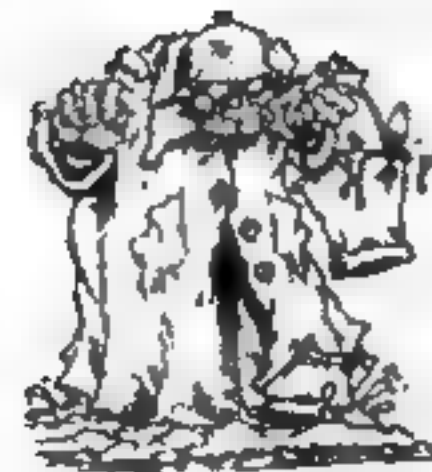


HEY, IF IT AIN'T THE OL' WITCH HERSELF! WITH HER BROOM! SO, GRANNY, GOIN' FOR A LI'L FLIGHT?













SHE'S BACK! WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES IT STUCK ON HER DOOR... DO YOU SMELL IT, MR. RAUL? DO YOU SMELL IT?



YEAH, I DO. SMELLS LIKE WINE, 'CAUSE I GOT MY GLASS RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE.

NO, IT SMELLS LIKE SULPHUR! NOT WINE! THE DEVIL'S SMELL! I TOLD YOU SHE'S A WITCH! A WITCH!



SHIT! YOU MEAN SHE PUT SULPHUR IN MY WINE! I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!

WE SHOULD BURN HER AT THE STAKE, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS! THAT WAS GREAT! SHE'D ROAST IN THE FLAMES OF HELL!

HEY, MOLDON! YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK FLUNNY...



GUIDO, HONEY! COME QUICK! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

IT'S VER WIFE, MOLDON! WHY DON'T YA CALL CARMEN? NOW YOU GOT A FIRE, YOU CAN BURN HER YERSELF!



A FIRE? AT HOME? HOW?

I WAS MAKING SOME FRIES AND THE OIL SPILLED ALL OVER THE BURNER. THERE'S FIRE EVERYWHERE! COME HERE! QUICK!



I'M COMING! CALL THE FIREMEN! AH, IT'S THAT OLD WITCH AGAIN! SHE CAST ANOTHER SPELL! DAMN HER EYES! IT'S HER! IT'S CARMEN!

YOU'RE FLIPPIN' OUT, MOLDON! IT'S THE FRIES.



I GO OUT TO BUY SOME SULPHUR TO KILL THE ANTS IN MY KITCHEN AND I RUN INTO A BUNCH OF LOONIES THAT DO HOCUS FOCUS ON MY DOORSTEP...

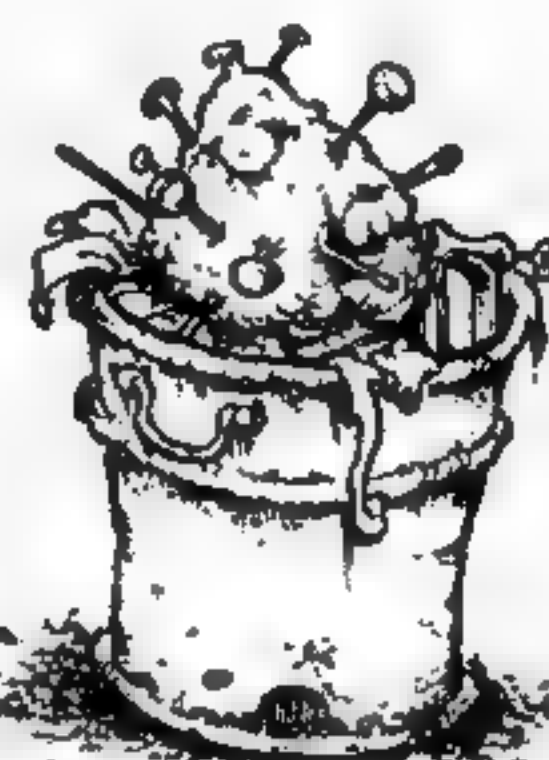


YOU WONDER ABOUT THE TIMES WE'RE LIVING IN. I KNOW THEY SAY YOU CAN'T STOP PROGRESS, BUT, SOMETIMES, I WONDER WHICH WAY WE'RE GOING...



IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL BE BACK IN THE TREES IN NO TIME...

IT'S TERRIFYING!

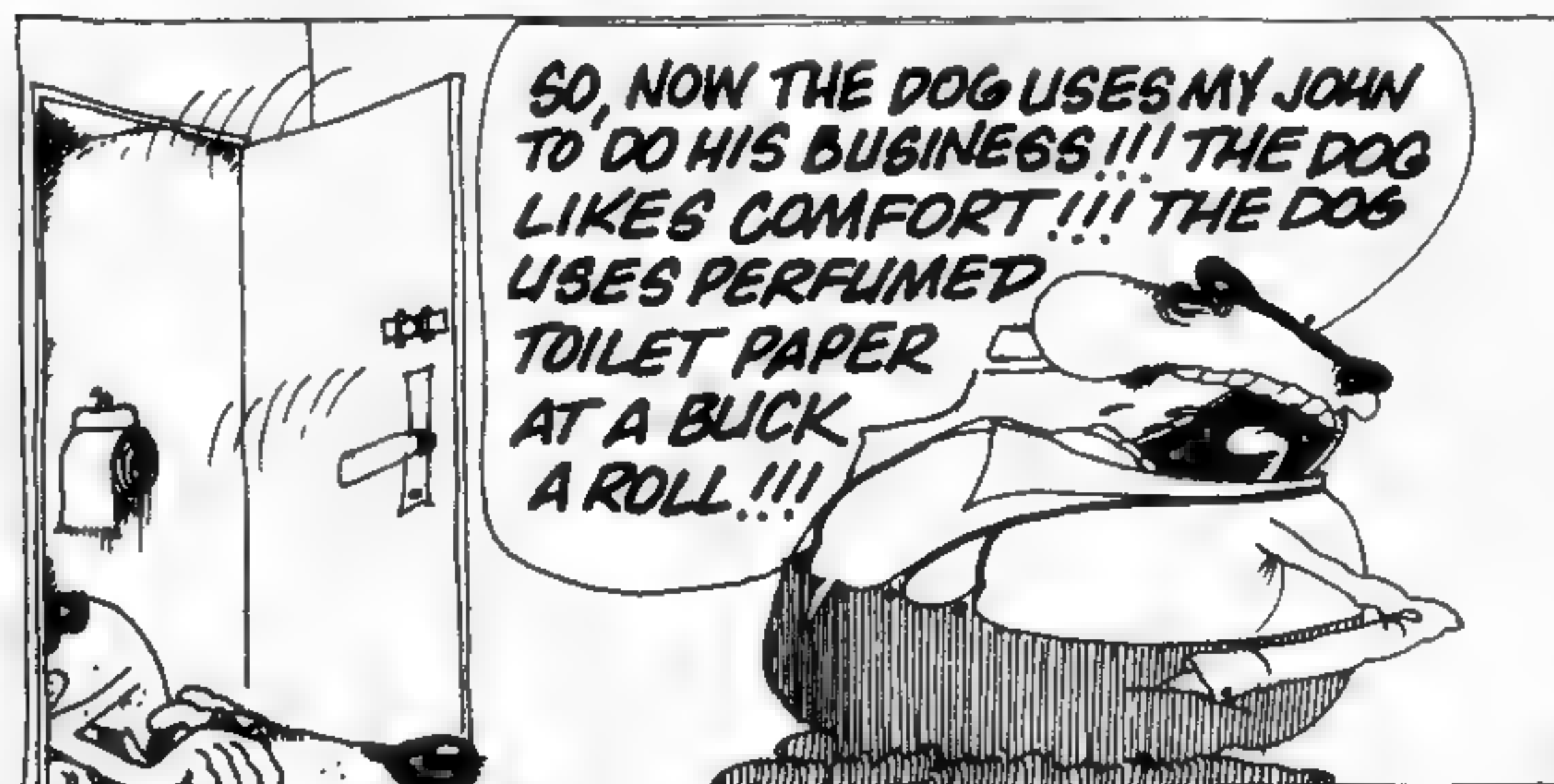
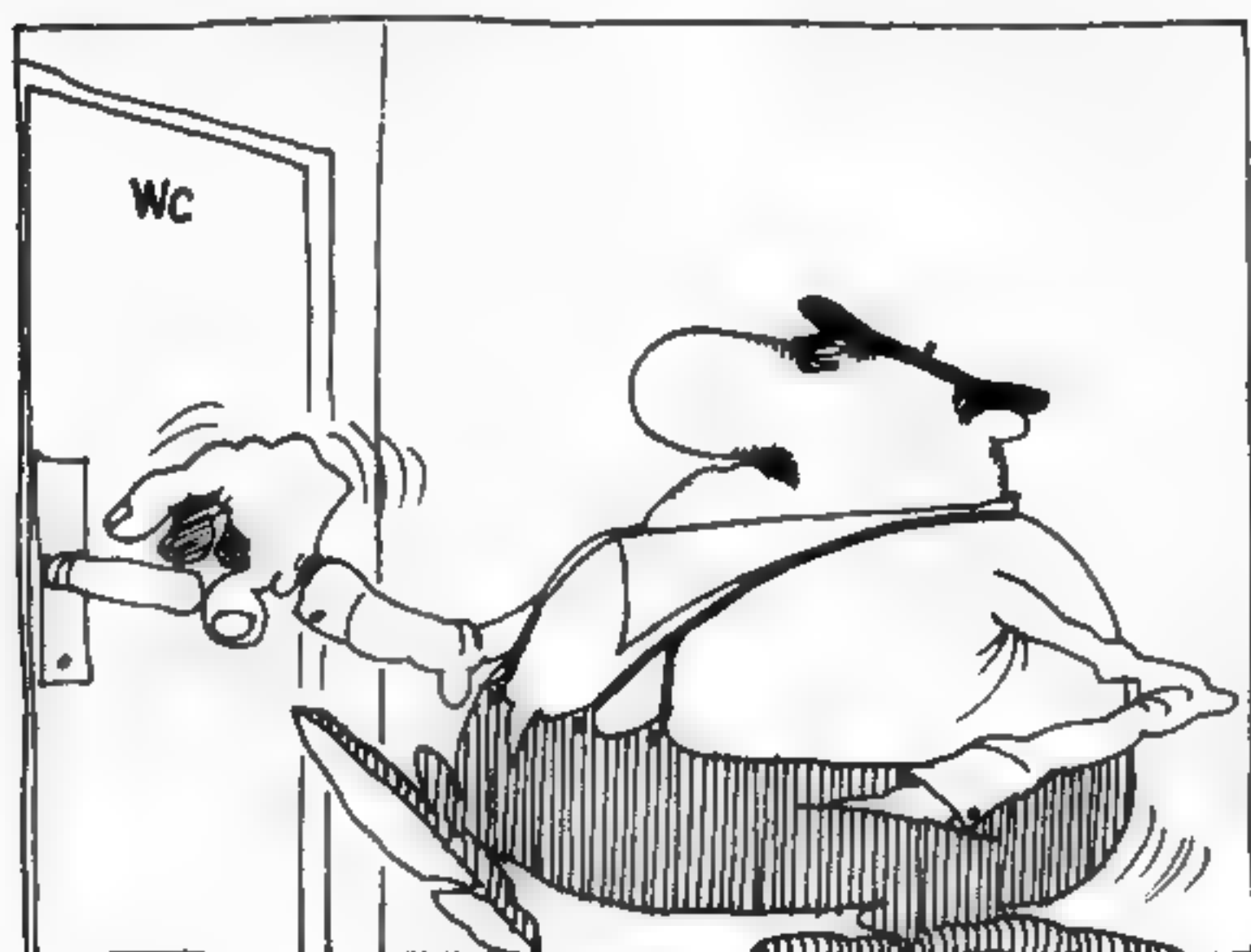


Lelong  
12-86

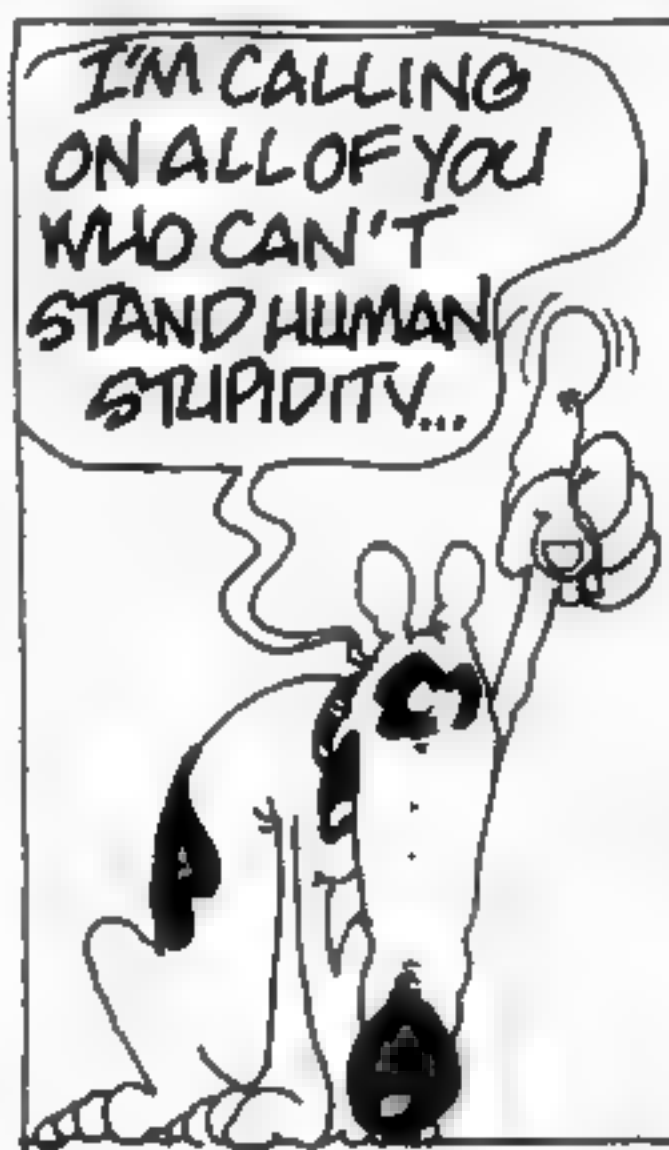
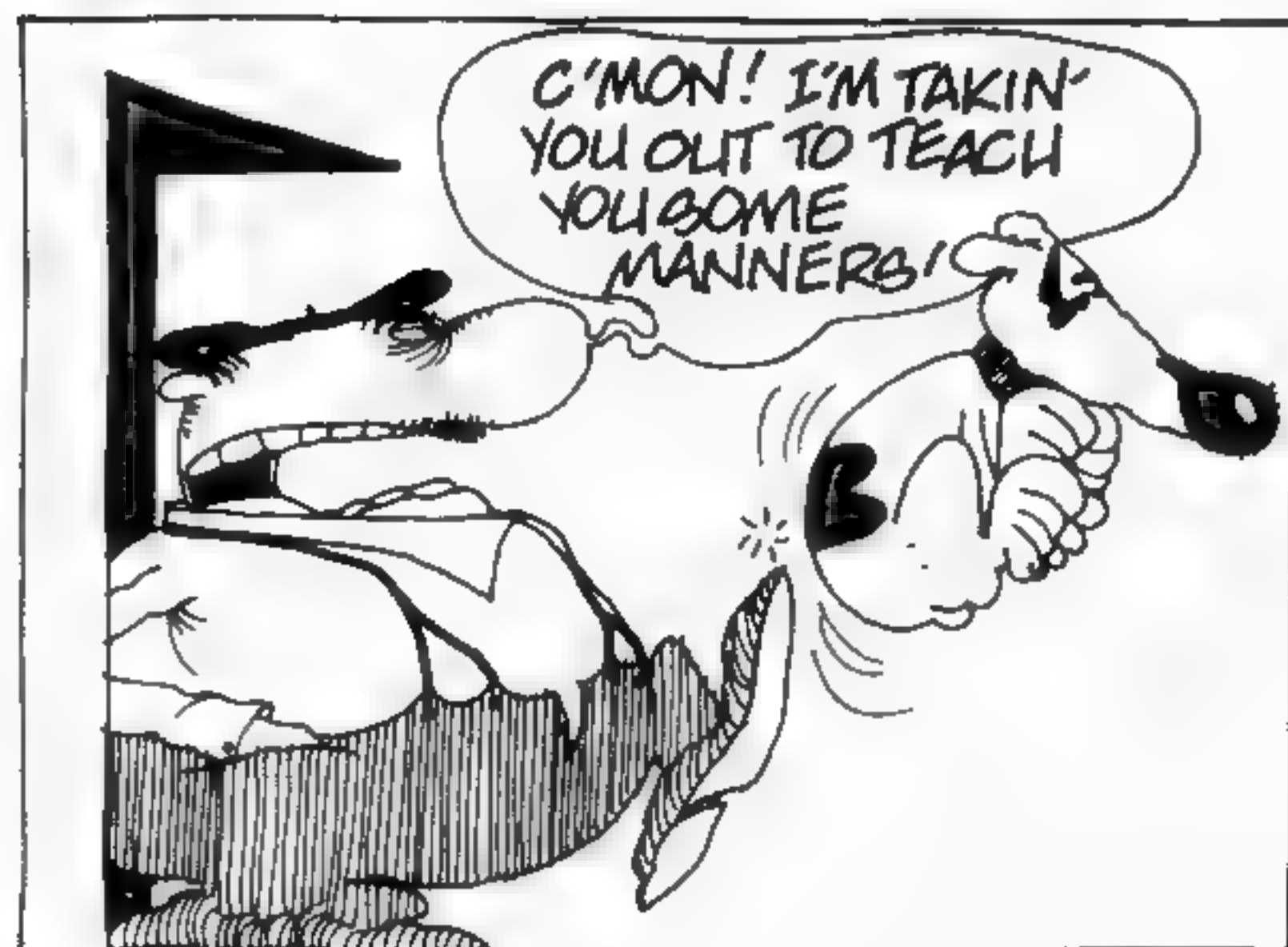
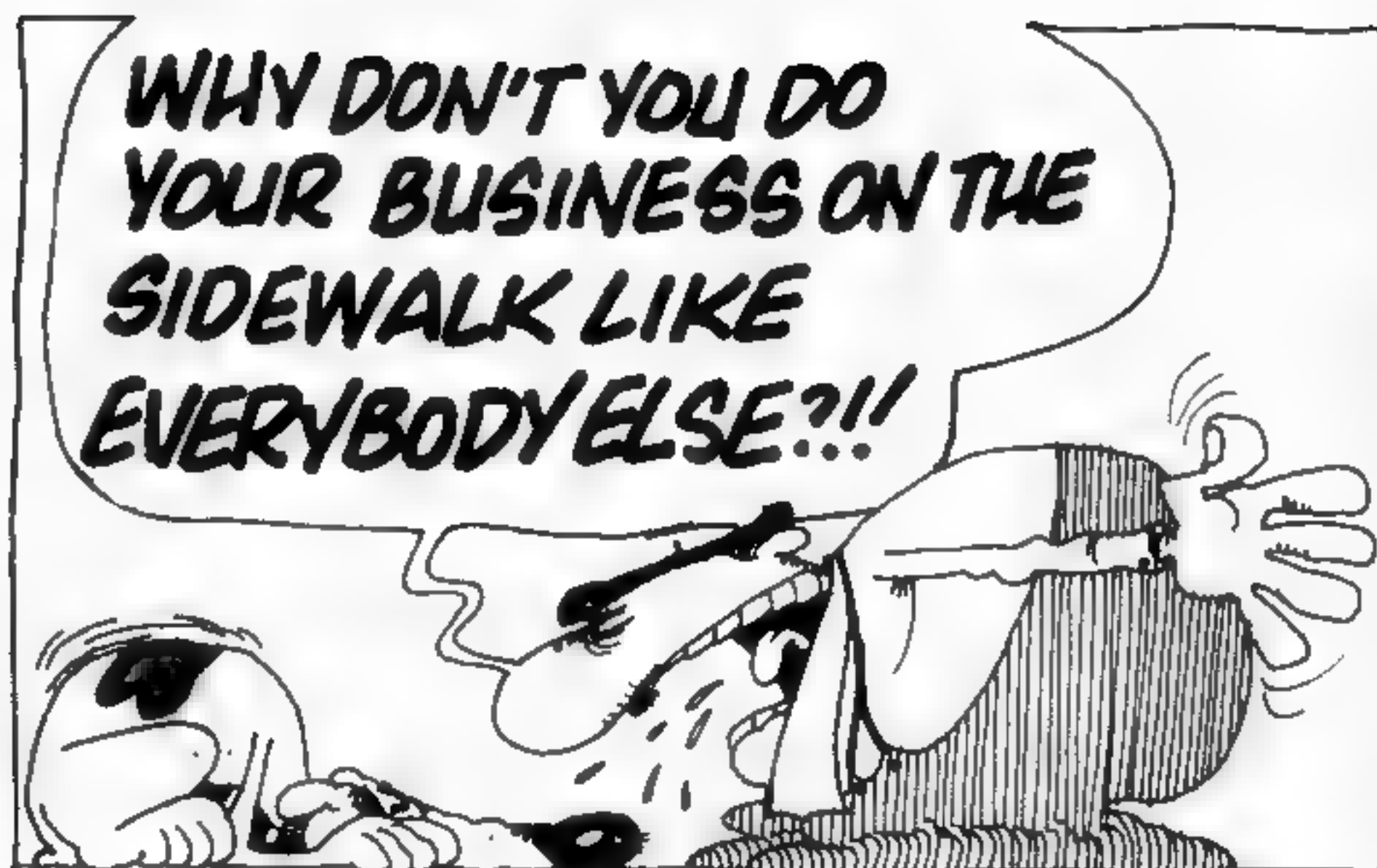




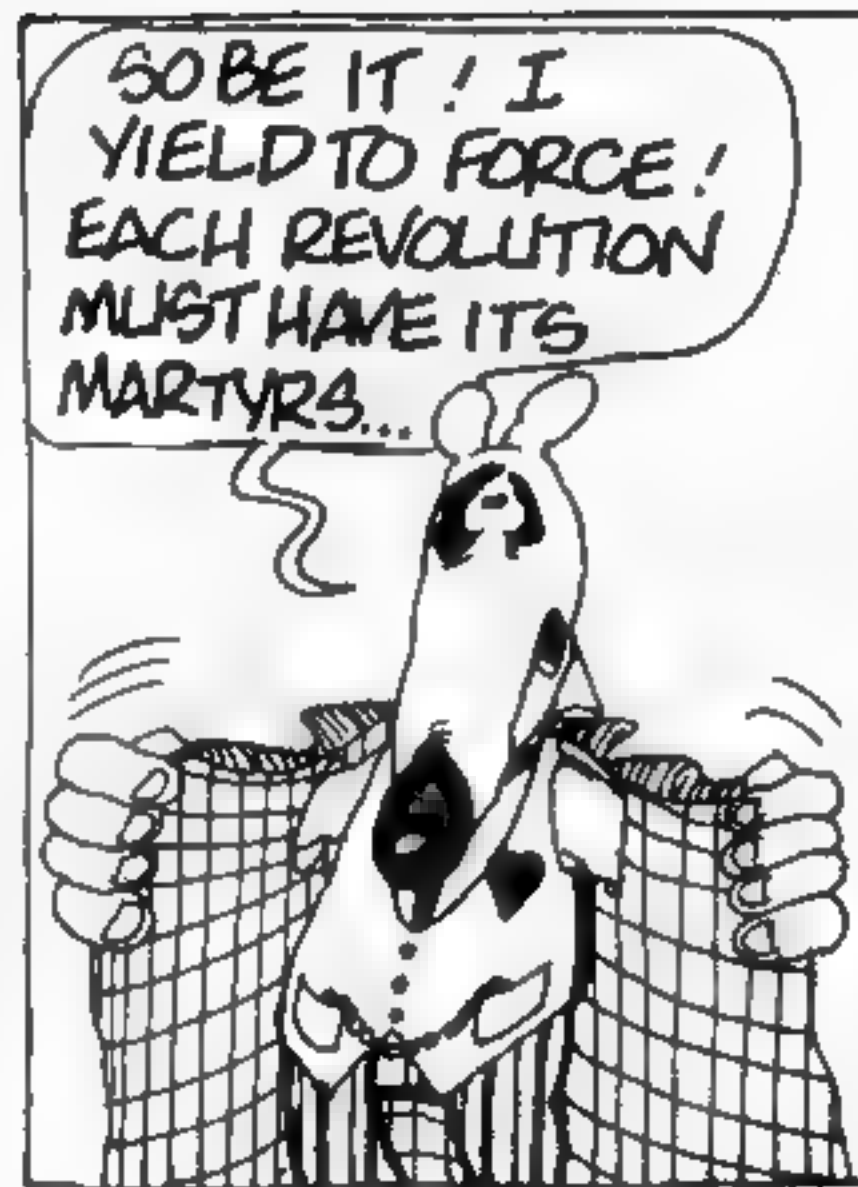
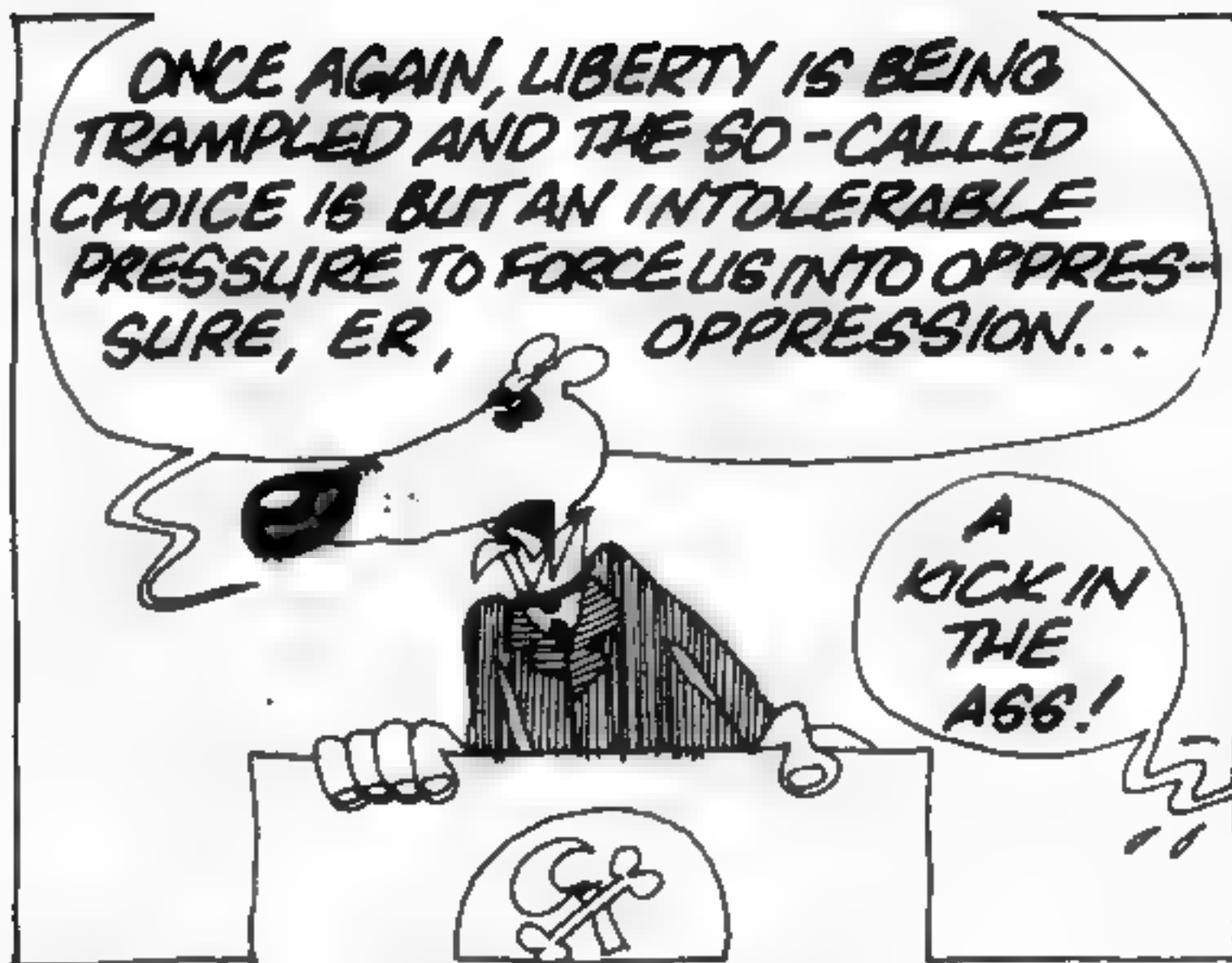
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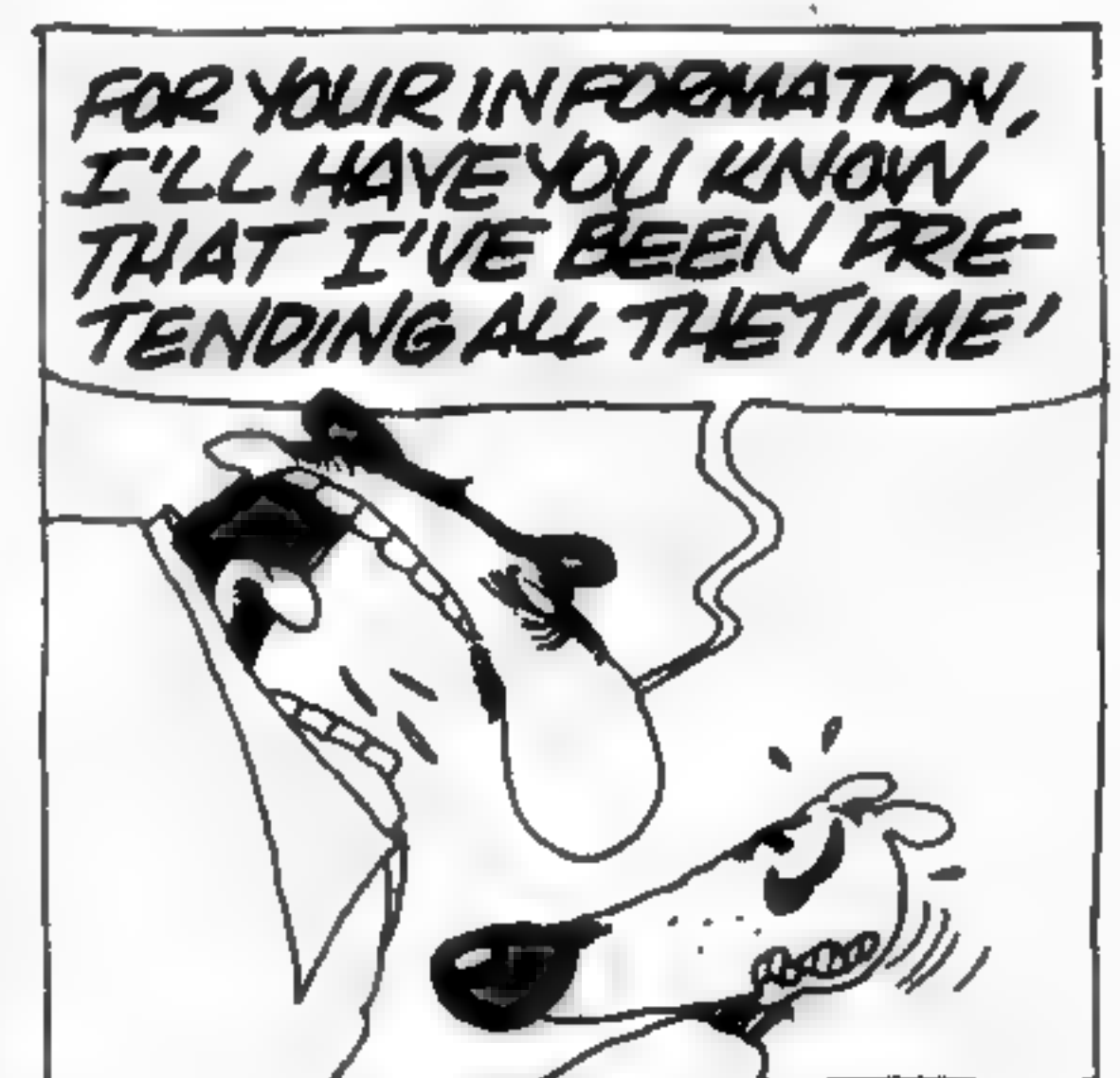
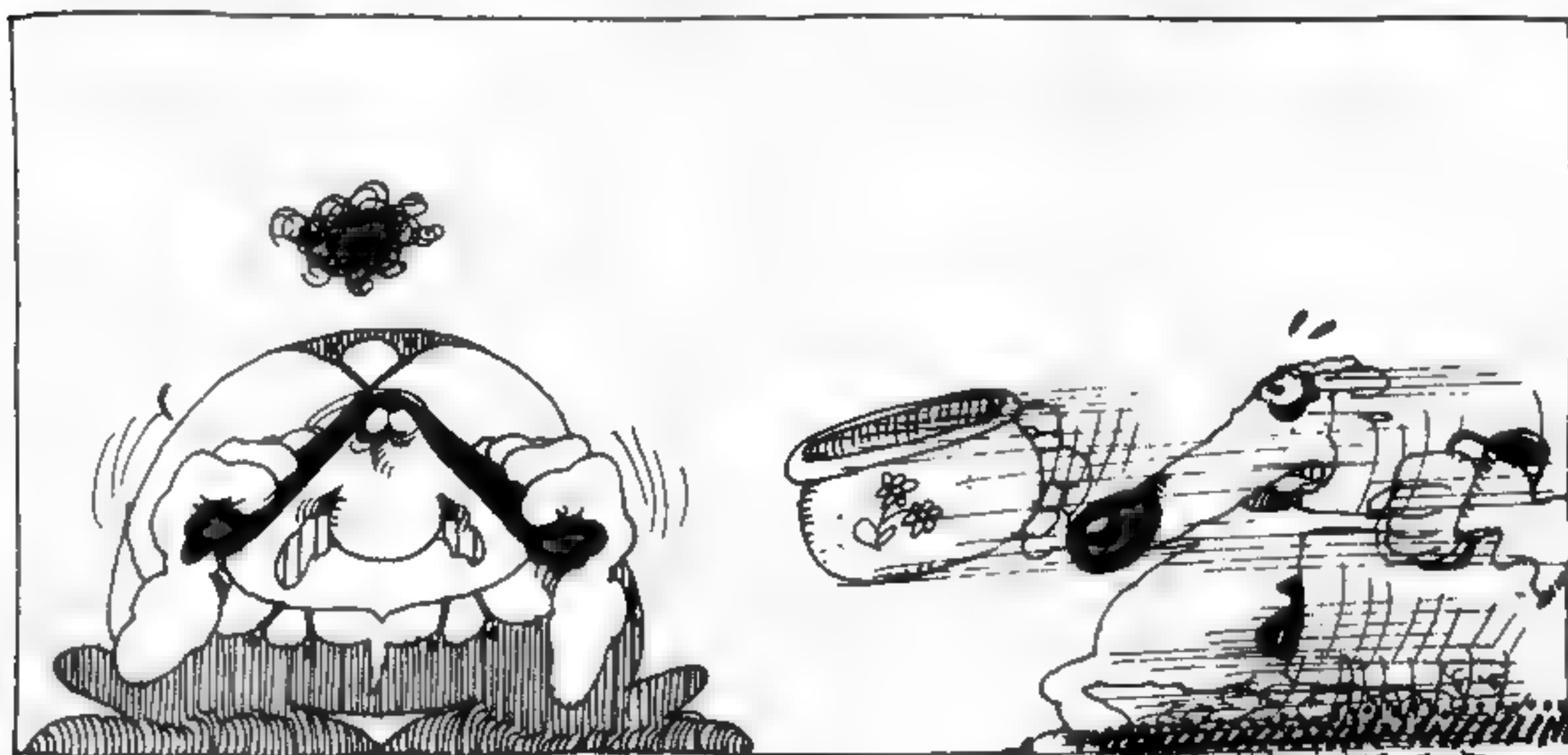
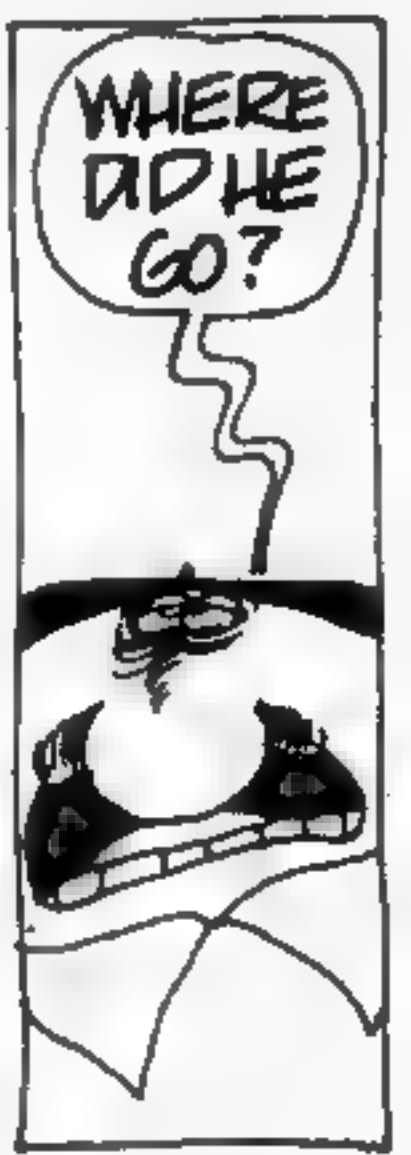
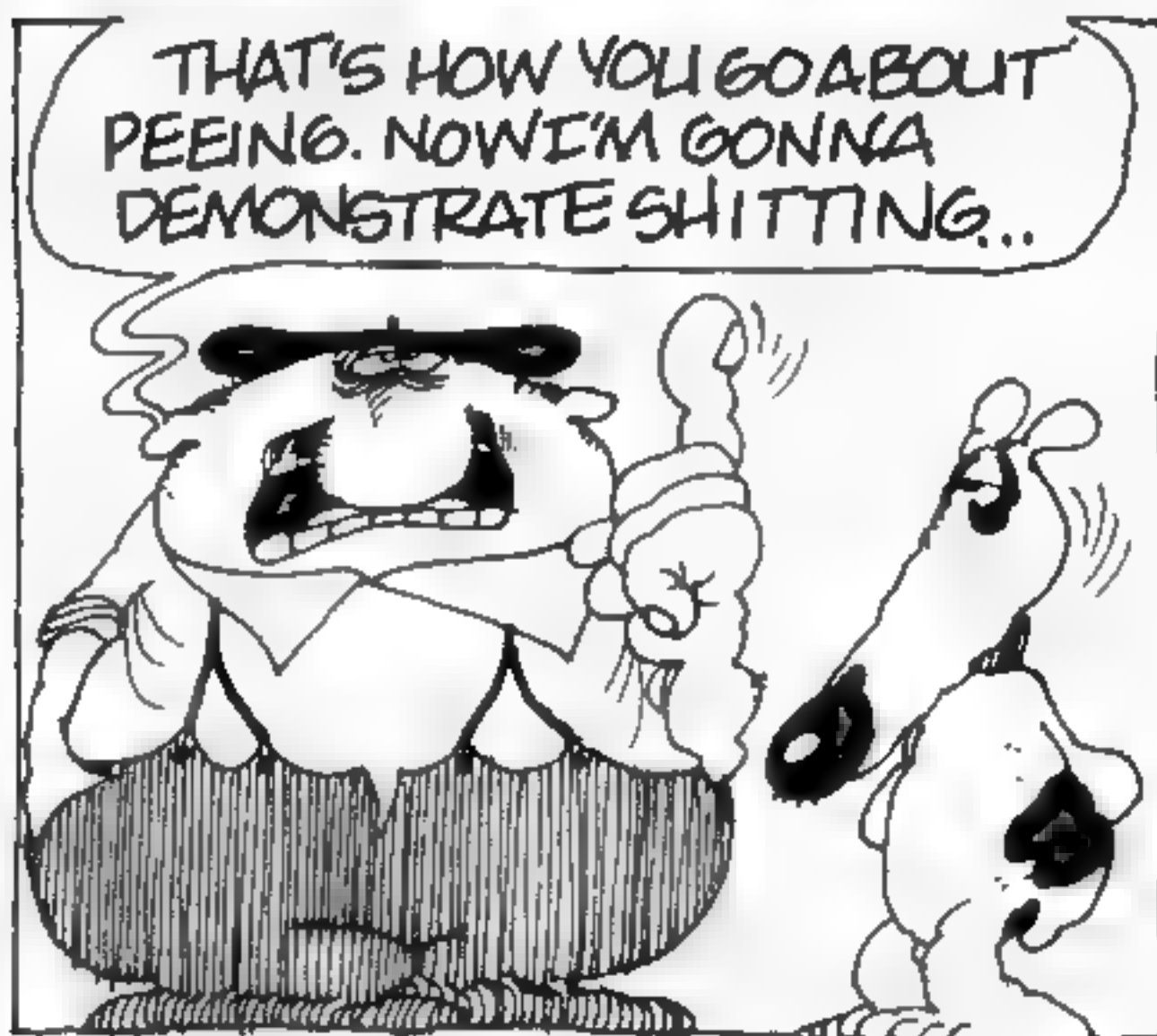
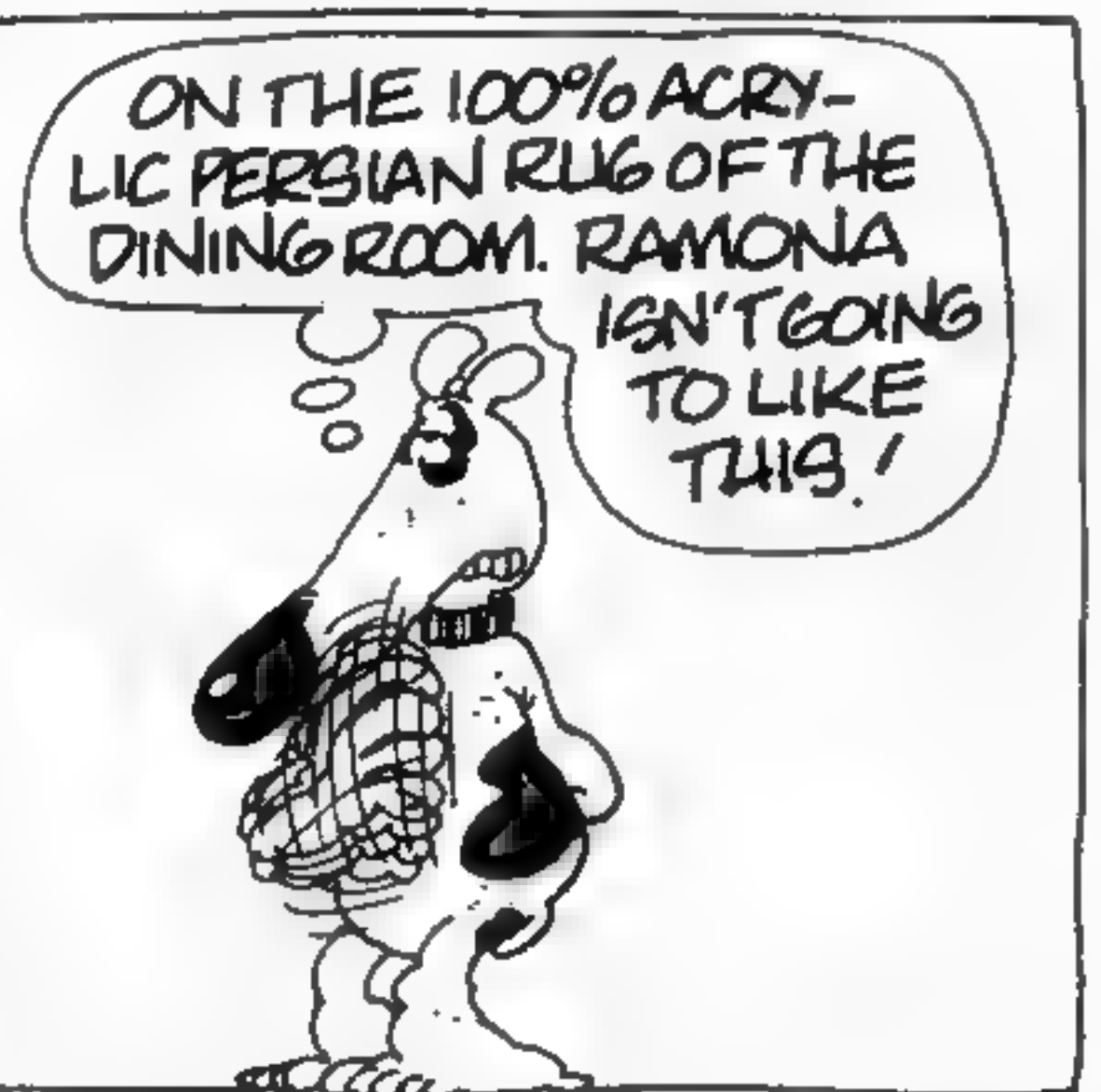


Normally, five pages showing us Kador and his Master returning home followed here. During the course of these pages, you would have met Mr. Collins, who owns the newsstand on the corner, Mr. Graham, who lives down the street with Bob, his oldest son, Mrs. Moody and her cat Mitzi, and many others. It would have been five pages full of local color and rich slices of life, except that the editor didn't care for them, so he threw them away. As a result, we're now back home with our characters.

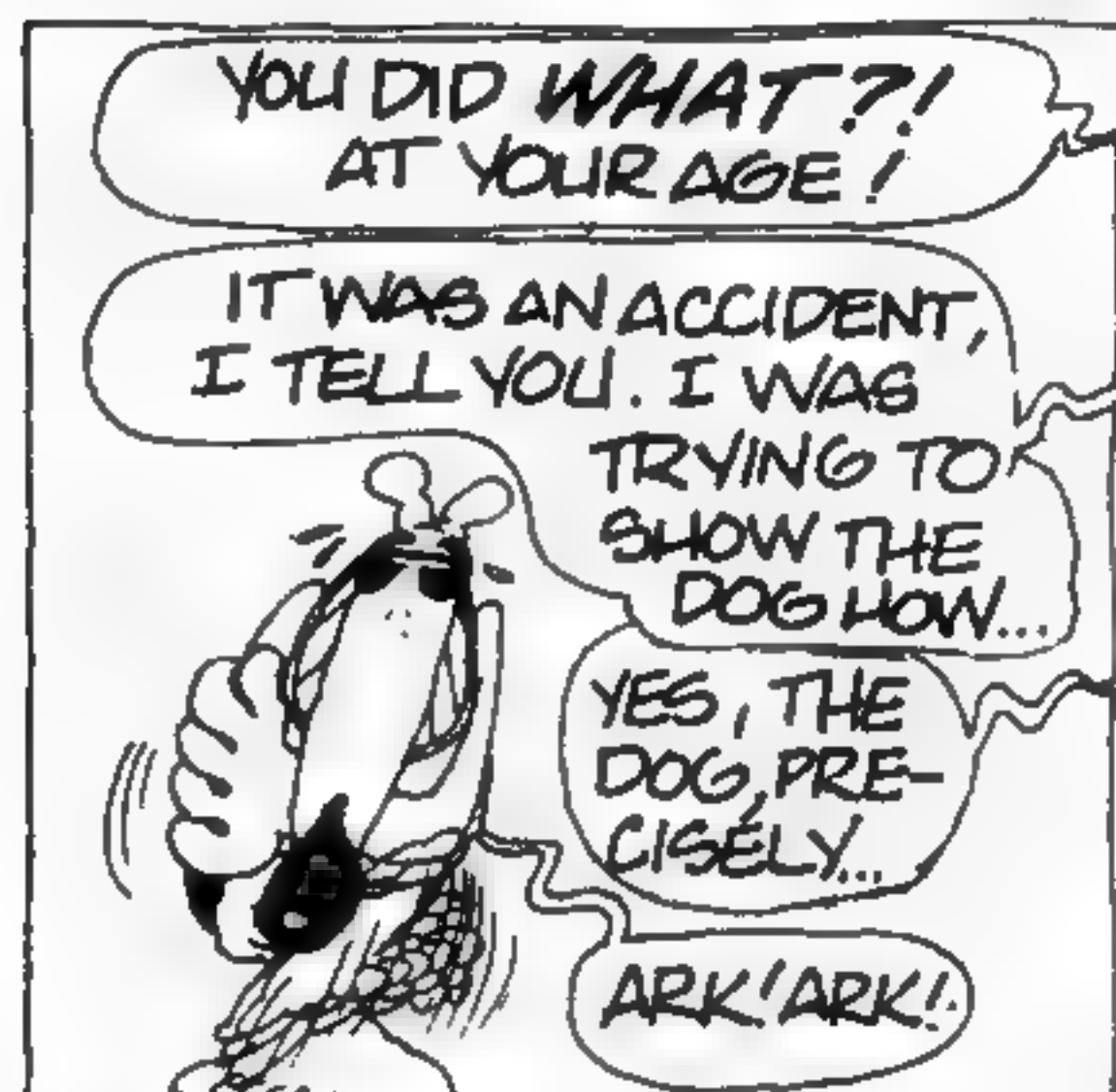
- the Author













Coming Next In...

# FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

ISSUE 8

## "FROG FACE"

Yes, it's *him* Carmen's *Nephew* is back, and this time, he's not alone! Meet his girlfriend—*Frog Face*—in a story that Alfred Hitchcock would have been proud to introduce. Not for the squeamish! (WARNING: MAY BE OFFENSIVE TO SOME READERS.)



## THE PARTY

Carmen *dancing*? With Mr. Raoul, the man who looks at life through the bottom of a bottle? What kind of insanity will Carmen unleash when she discovers that her Neighbors are throwing a *Party*!



## THE LESSON

In the grand tradition of her visits to the Doctor, the Library and the Photographer, Carmen now decides to take music lessons. Need we say more?



## THE LOTTERY

And, last but not least, Robert enlists the help of *Kador* to fill out his lottery ticket. With his life at stake, will everyone's favorite dog deliver the winning numbers—or else!





Please address your comments to:

# CARMEN'S MAILBOX

RJM Lofficier,

6539 Jamieson Avenue, Reseda, CA., 91335



Hello Lelong, Deni et al:

Noticed the enclosed article and picture in the newspaper and who do you think it immediately made me think of? Thought you might enjoy seeing it too.

Never have I felt so much compassion for a cartoon character since, maybe, Wiley E. Coyote (when I was very, very small). I am enjoying the bittersweet humor of **French Ice** in between my rueful compassion for this person, real to me, Carmen Cru. The artwork is impeccable, reminiscent of "The Bojeffries Saga" by Alan Moore and Steve Parkhouse.

Whenever I'm feeling like life is getting to be a heavy weight on my shoulders, and that everyone is out to get me, all I have to do is read some "Carmen Cru" stories. My paranoia doesn't come close to poor Carmen's daily contentions. I feel relieved because of her problems. This is entertainment? No, this is life!

-- Colln Robbins

Dear Folks:

Wow. I thought America had cornered the market on creativity and innovation (with a sprinkling of British creators added in), yet obviously I was wrong. I have never had the opportunity to experience foreign comics like **French Ice** before.

Sadly enough, as much as I personally liked this book, I do not think it will be very successful. There is just so much of a cultural gap between France and the States that I don't know whether most Americans will find this book entertaining. Hopefully, comic-book fandom is a bit more educated than the average American, and will be able to understanding and be entertained by this book, despite its origin.

-- Chris Hutts

Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed reading **French Ice**. I hope you are a success. We are a comic-book family. We read on the average, in a month, perhaps a hundred comics. We also read books, ect. I told our dealer to add **French Ice** to our list, and it'd better be there! After reading Issue No. 2, I had to write to tell you how great I think that stuff is. More of Carmen Cru! Reading comics has opened our world to British,

Japanese and now French comics. Thank you for bringing **French Ice** to the United States. We have been isolated to long.

-- Mrs. D. Cannella

Dear Jean-Marc:

I have to echo Roy Thomas in thanking you for bringing "Carmen Cru", files, bees and all to the English-speaking audience. Most of the so-called humour comics are sadly unfunny, but there are exceptions. **Open Season** is one, and now **French Ice** is another. I don't know if it losing anything in the translation, but it seems to work very well in English. There are, obviously, differences in what the French perceive as humour and satire, to what we see as the same, but the common factor is that we can all laugh at the same, but the common factor is that we can all laugh at the human condition. This is what Carmen makes us do, whatever language she's in. The official, relatives and other unfortunates who crossed her path seem very British to me. Maybe this indicates that this is truly a strip that is universal in its appeal. I'm sure that we can all see facets of people we know amongst the characters in this strip, and that's where the success lies, in that despite the cartoony nature of its visual presentation, this is about real people.

Visually, I really like the art style. It's a happy indication of current comics thought that different styles are surviving amongst the crowds of generic super-heroes (who certainly have their proper place) on the racks of comics shops. The obvious influence on this strip is Will Eisner, or at least it would be if it were an American strip. Maybe there are other influences, but that's what I'm reminded of. This is certainly the sort of strip that should reach well beyond the comic audience -- when you've done 6 issues or so, you should collect them in book form and sell them in book shops, where I'm sure they'd do well. Again, we're seeing comics grow up to the point where it's worth preserving them in a more durable form and exposing them to a wider audience.

-- Malcolm Bourne





# WORLD WAR II, LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE !!! ..... KILGORE-STYLE!

"The only reason Kilgore is being published by Renegade Press is that I happened to bump into Deni at a post office," quipped Kilgore creator Brian Chin.

These days Chin works mostly in television storyboarding, although he has worked on low budget horror movies as a miniature builder and in special effects. "Mostly Roger Corman movies," Chin said, but he has also worked on "Star Trek II" (with Industrial Light and Magic), "Escape From New York", and "Battle Beyond the Stars".

Artistic influences include Wally Wood, Russ Heath, Herge and John Severin. "I tend to think more in terms of movies than comics when I draw," Chin explained. His favorite movie auteurs are Orson Welles and Jack Webb.

Chin came up with the character of Kilgore while working at the Presidio Army Museum in San Francisco. "That's where I saw photos of the real Kilgore. I've been working on Kilgore for the past ten years."

While Chin created Kilgore and plots and draws the title, he hands over the actual writing to his buddy from college, Steve Jarvis.

This is Jarvis' first published work as well as Chin's first comic book.



This action-packed adventure series is set mostly during World War II. A cross between Errol Flynn and Sgt. Bilko, Colonel Kilgore is a schemer and a dreamer who's always one step ahead of his superiors when the kudos are being handed out.

Follow Kilgore from his heyday on the Pacific battlefield to his present day shenanigans. For example, in Kilgore #5, "Leapin' Lizards", Kilgore meets his match when he ends up with a beautiful French photojournalist as part of a U.S./Middle East arms deal: The result is Oliver North meets Godzilla!

In the first issue of Kilgore, when faced with a Japanese submarine off San Francisco Bay, Kilgore calls in the big guns -- a battery of reporters to show off his prowess and profile!

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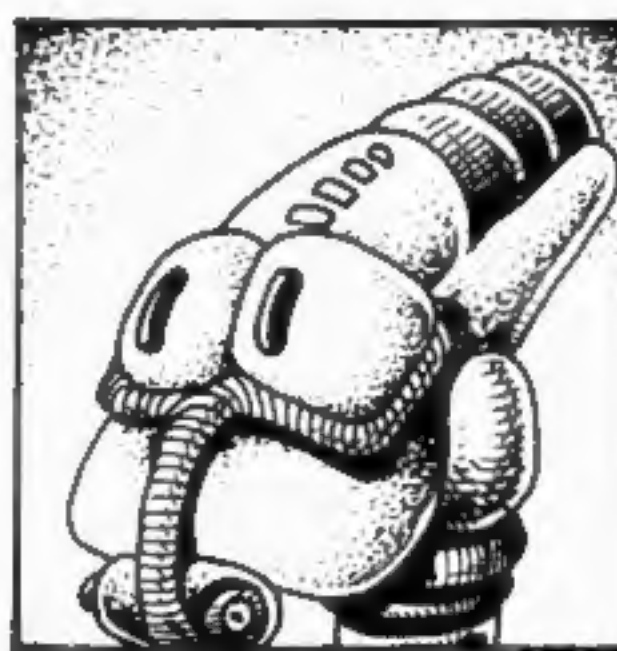
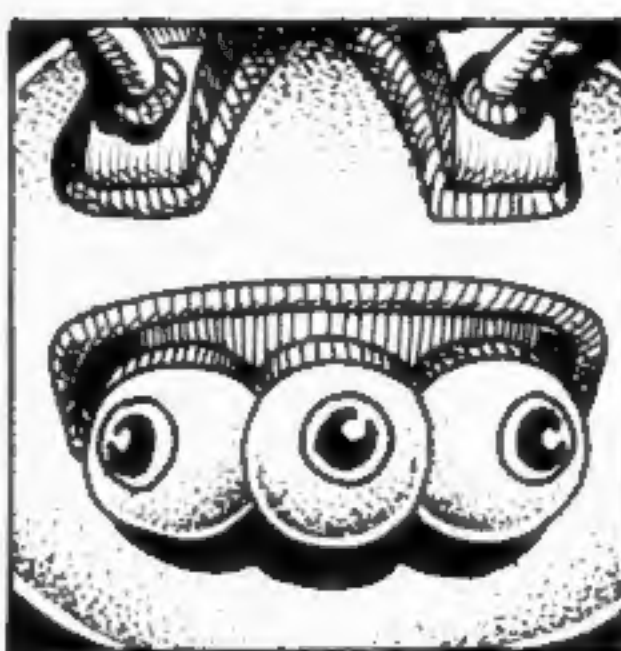
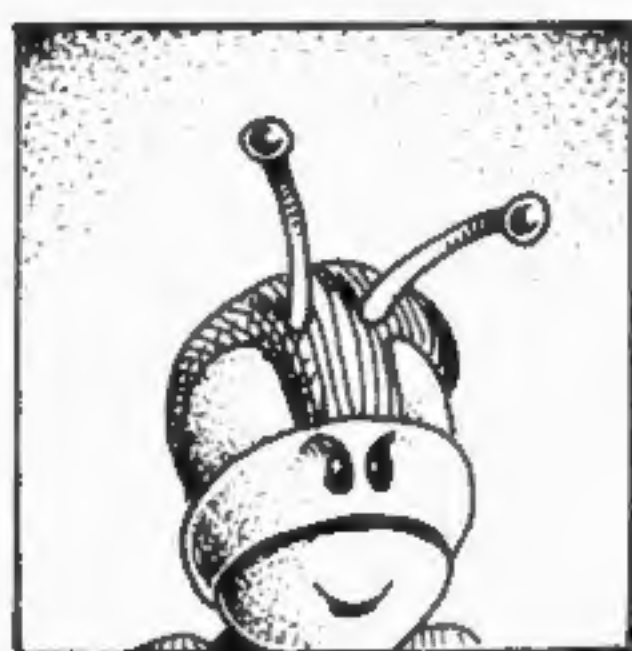
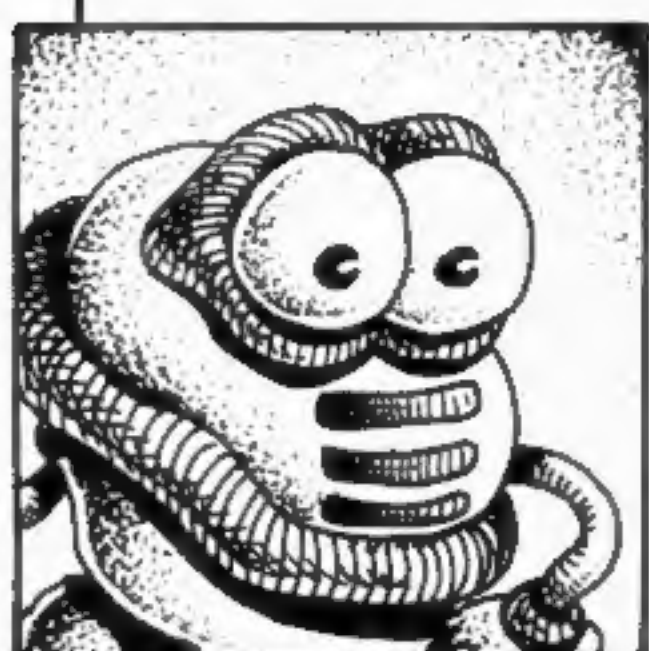
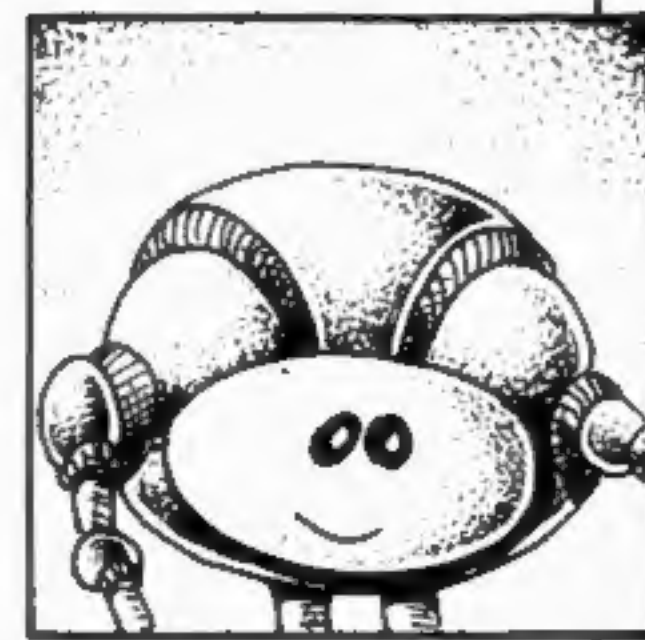
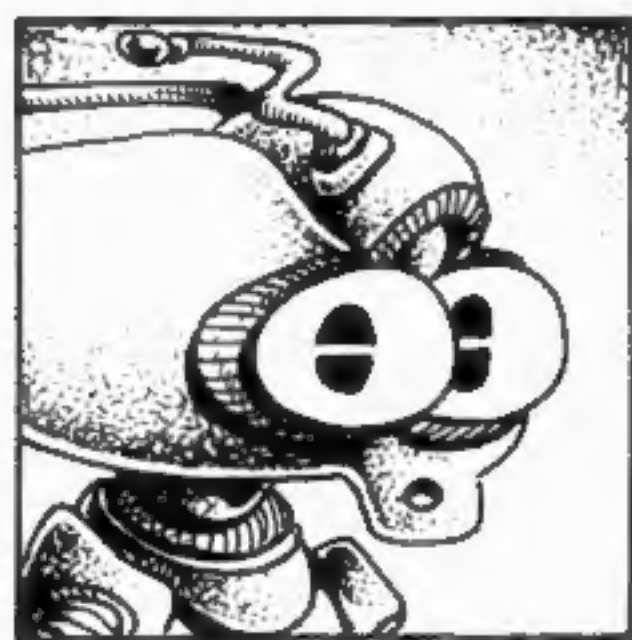
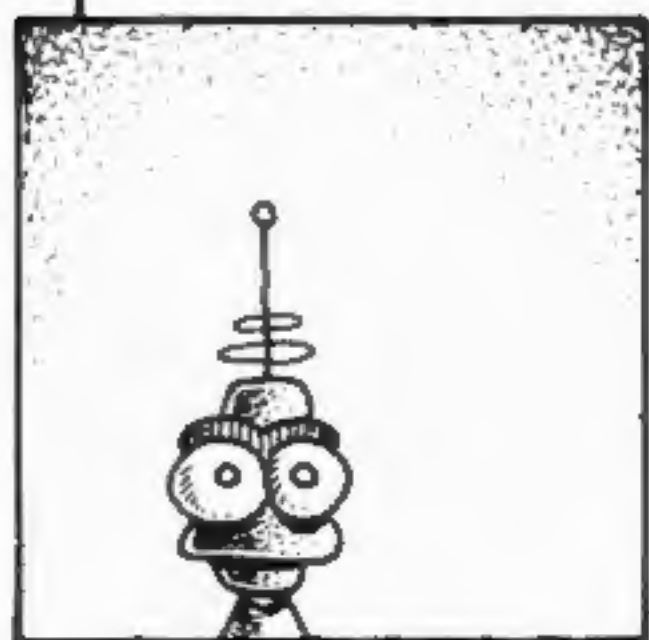
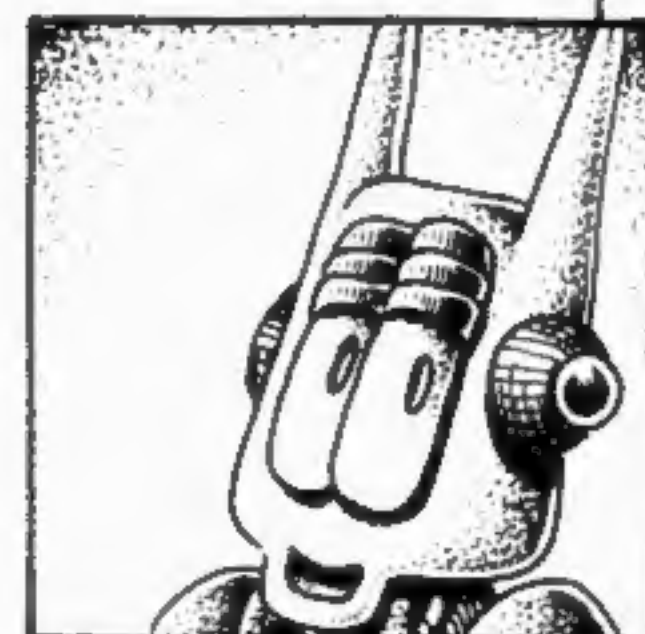
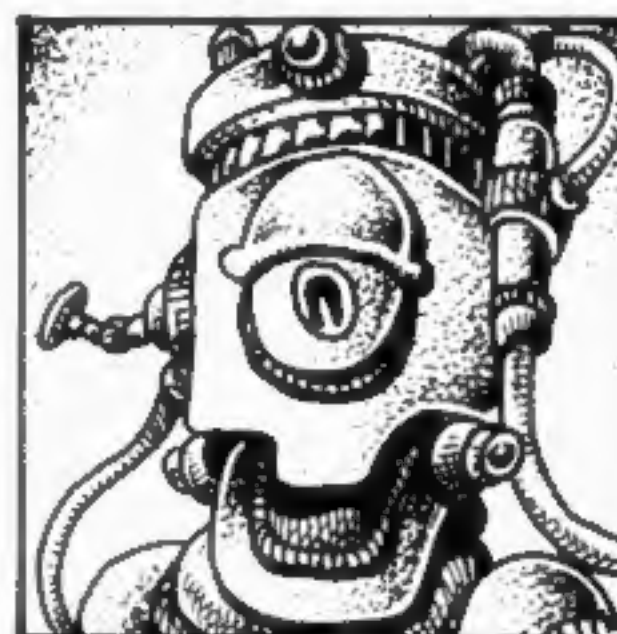
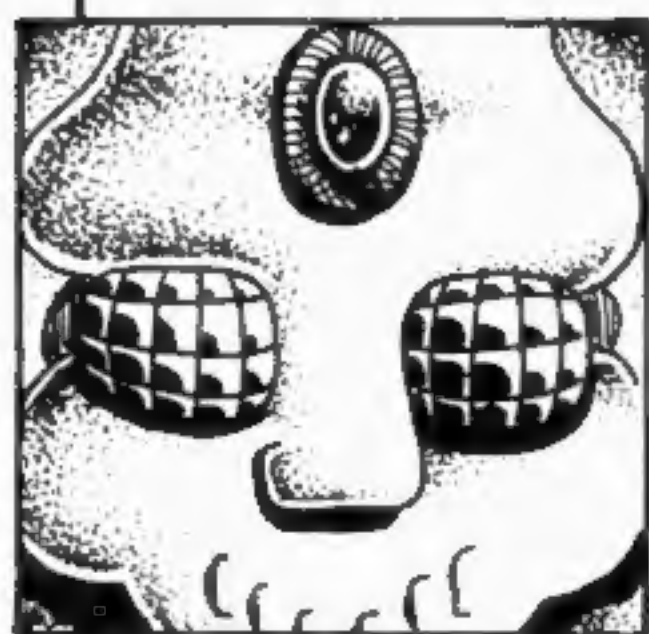
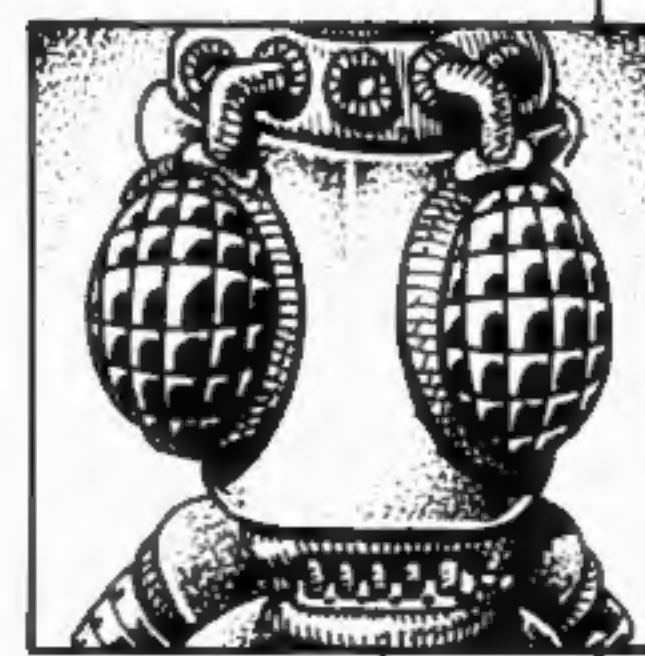
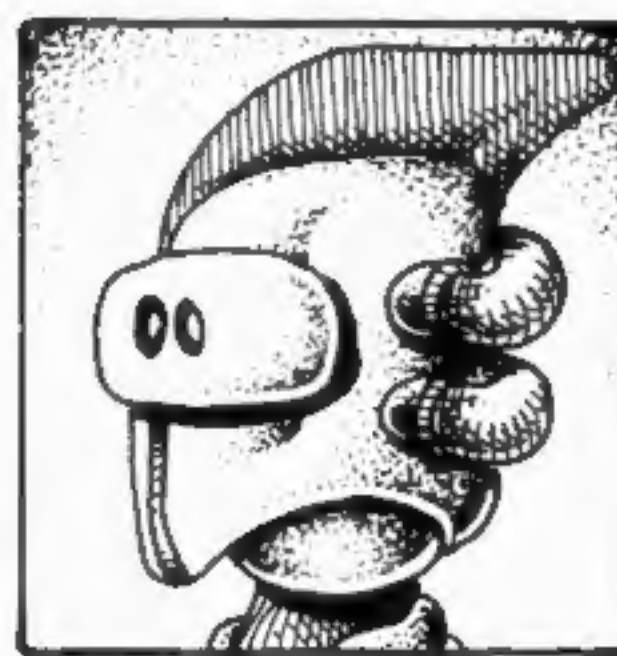
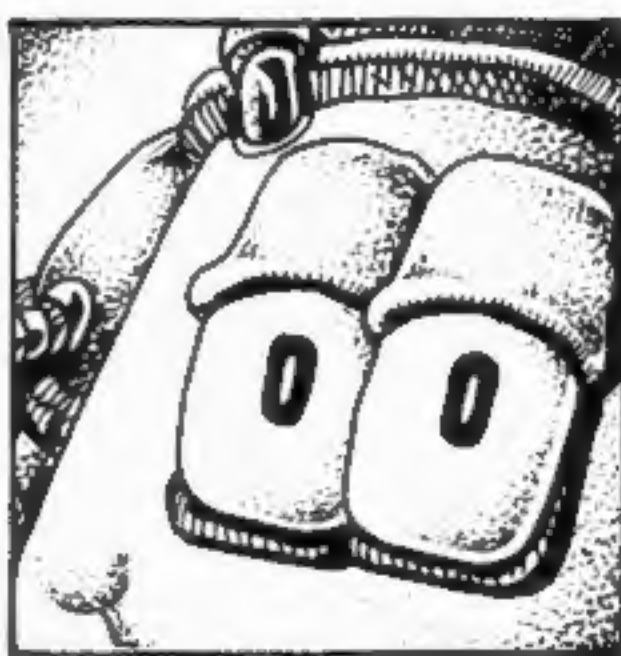
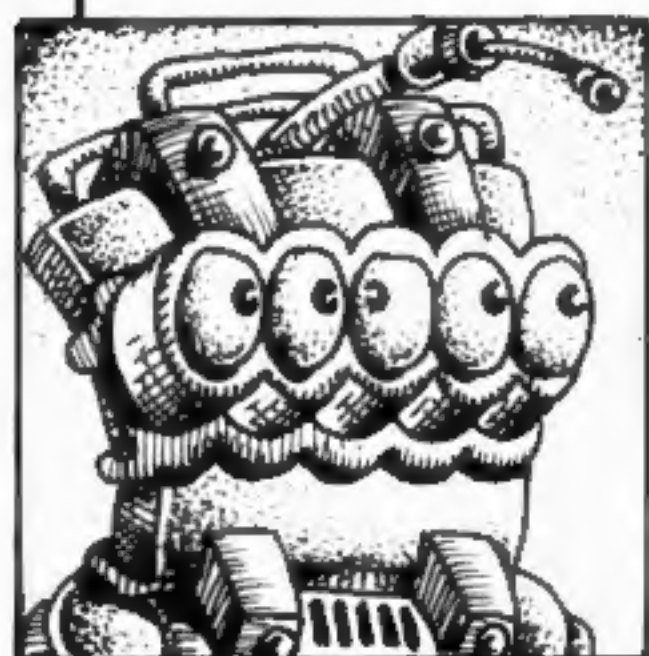
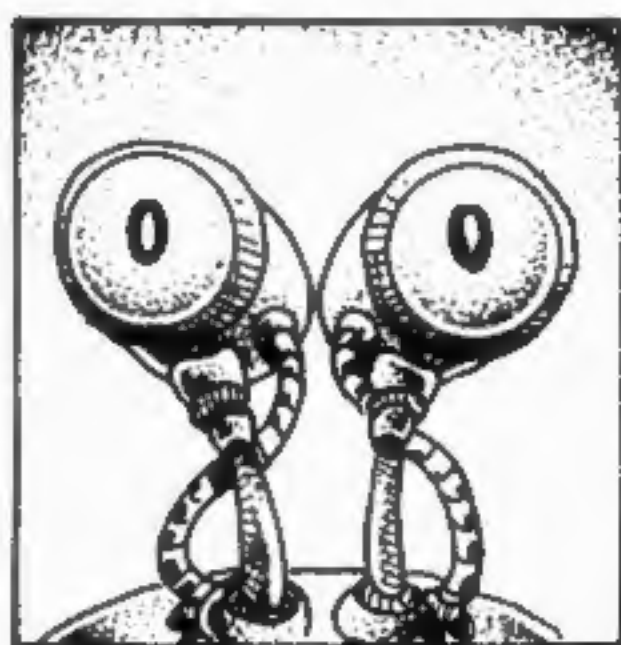
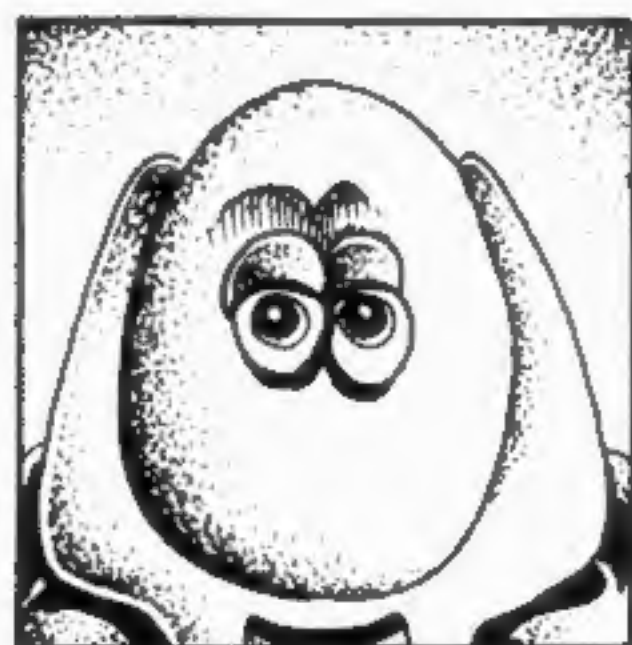
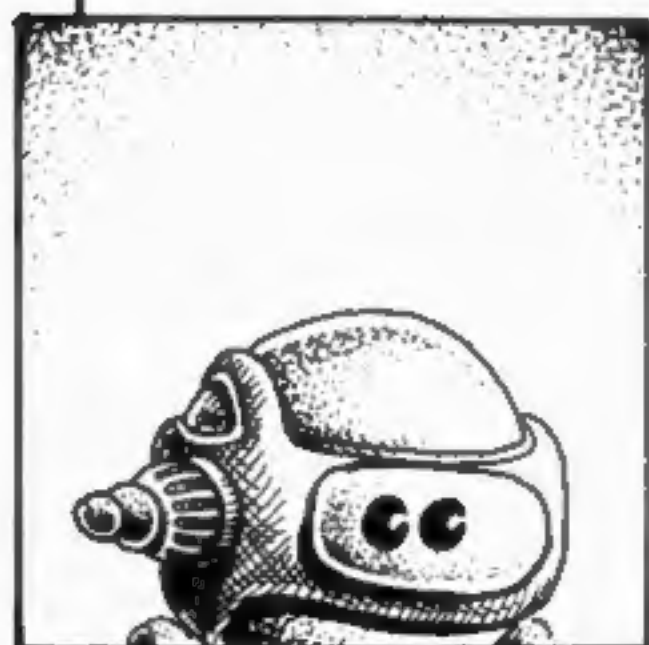


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